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"DESIGNED TO PRAISE GOD IN THE GLORY OF ITS BEAUTY"

Apse of the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, toward the completion of which \$3,000,000 is being raised as an Xmas-New-Year offering.



© International

**THE THIRTIETH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES**

Calvin Coolidge is the sixth Vice-President to become President through the incumbent's death and the second to be elected President right afterward.



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**"SUCCESS TO YOU, GENERAL"**

So his Evanston, Illinois, neighbors greeted Vice-President-elect Dawes as he emerged from the polling place after casting his ballot.



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**AGAIN HE BECOMES PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND**

Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative, replaces Ramsay MacDonald, the Labor Party leader, in the whirligig of British politics.





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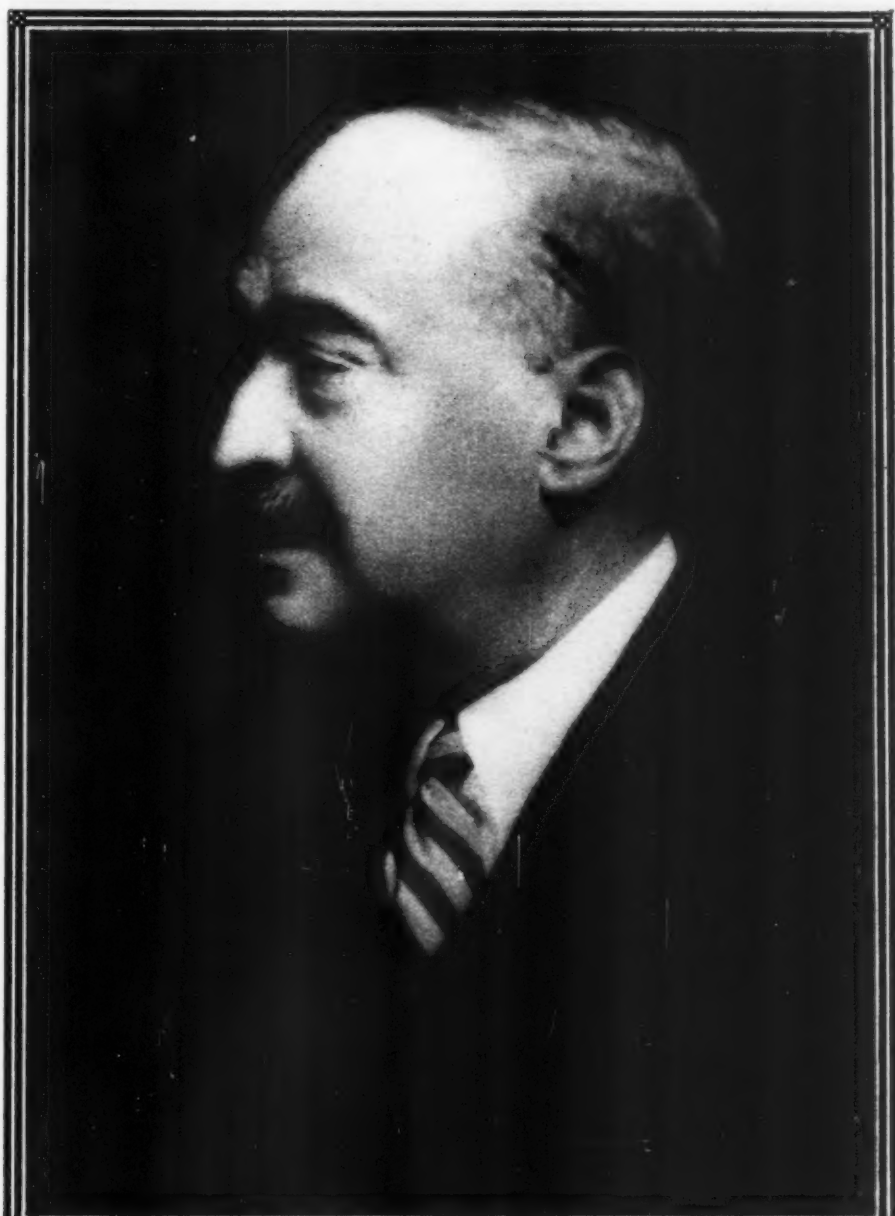
**"THE BEST TRAINED DIPLOMAT IN THE FRENCH SERVICE"**

M. Daeschner, succeeding Ambassador Jules Jusserand at Washington, is an Alsatian Protestant, and "new-fashioned, sympathetic, tactful and intelligent."



© P. & A.

SHE SUCCEEDS HER LATE HUSBAND AS GOVERNOR OF WYOMING  
Mrs. William B. (Nellie Tayloe) Ross, Democrat, shares with "Ma" Ferguson of  
Texas the honor of being one of the two American women Governors.



**A TALE-BEARER WHO PLOTS TO DETHRONE THE KING OF SPAIN**  
Señor Ibañez, with many novel successes to his credit, deems himself a patriot in fomenting a Spanish revolution, from a safe distance.



© Harris & Ewing

A TEMPORARY, IF NOT PERMANENT, SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE  
Howard M. Gore, by the death of his chief, Secretary Wallace, entering the  
Cabinet, interrupted his campaign for the Governorship of West Virginia.

# The Current of Opinion

## Coolidge and Dawes Spike Enemy Guns

**B**Y the November landslide Calvin Coolidge has been made President of the United States in his own right. He has ceased to be a "political accident," and no longer can detractors challenge his mandate. The country has not only confirmed his occupancy of the White House: it has read the rebels out of his party, and has given to the President a Congress which promises to be amenable to his will. In full control of the national Administration from March 4 on, the Republican Party will have power to show what it can do, and the people will be able to hold it to strict account for what it does do.

La Follette's radical bloc, aspiring to become a party, has o'erleaped itself. "Instead of committing murder, it has committed suicide," says the *New York Times* (Ind. Dem.). One more tombstone has taken its place in the political cemetery where the Greenbackers, Populists and Bull Moosers lie. La Follette's campaign was boisterous and his rallies enthusiastic, but when the froth was blown away, his strength turned out to be negligible. The malcontents have again been given an opportunity to mobilize in the Cave of Adullam, and again their numbers have proved insufficient to menace the country's political stability.

In 1912 Roosevelt built up an electoral strength of 88 votes, and without the aid of the Socialists polled 27 per cent. of the popular vote. In 1924 La Follette has won only the 13 electoral votes of his own State of Wisconsin, running second in ten others. Though he had the endorsement of the Social-

ists, he managed to corral only 15 per cent. of the popular vote.

The West deserted La Follette and the East never rose to him. The mill workers of New England would have none of him; the Germans failed to stick to him; and the Irish never rallied under his banner. In the West he was unable to muster enough electoral votes to imperil Coolidge's straight election; in the East, though he wounded the Democrats, he failed conspicuously to kill their party, trailing far behind them everywhere. He has left the Republicans apparently purged and strengthened by his defection; and he has not gained sufficient momentum for his own Party to make probable its survival until the next national campaign.

In 1912 Woodrow Wilson polled fewer votes than the combined total of his defeated opponents, but in 1924 Calvin Coolidge has won by a clear majority of some three millions; and he has defeated his nearest competitor, the Democratic nominee, almost two to one. He took from Davis his own home State of West Virginia, and from Bryan his home State of Nebraska; he took Kentucky, which Cox carried four years ago; he took Minnesota and the Dakotas, where agrarian discontent was supposed to be rife. He carried the East overwhelmingly and the West safely. Clearly, the nation liked Coolidge's quiet attention to business, his refusal to meet his enemies on the platform, and his advocacy of economy and tax reduction. Clearly, the nation could not see with favor La Follette's proposal to place in the hands of Congress, the most unpopular branch of the Government, supreme control over property and personal rights. Clearly, the hoodoo that pursues the Bryan family foredoomed Davis to defeat.



The Democratic nominee fought a hopeless fight single-handed. Weakened by his running-mate, virtually unassisted by any of the nationally known leaders of his Party, faced with ill-concealed pessimism in his own *entourage*, unsuccessful in bringing Coolidge to the mat, he carried on nevertheless undaunted to the end. Only in New Mexico, the home of former Secretary Fall, did his arraignment of the Republican Party for dishonesty seem to carry any effect: there, though Davis lost the State by a narrow margin, Senator Bursum, friend of Fall, was defeated by his Democratic opponent, this making the only Republican Senatorial seat lost to the party in the whole country. In Iowa, Senator Brookhart, renegade Republican, won his reelection by such a tight squeak that his victory amounted to virtual repudiation. For several days it

seemed as though Iowa had elected a Democratic Senator, the first in sixty-five years.

Governor "Al" Smith's impressive personal triumph in New York promises to have far-reaching repercussions. Swimming against the current, he leaped the Republican Niagara, sole survivor of his Party on the State ticket. Coolidge carried the Empire State by a majority of 860,000, but Smith defeated young Teddy Roosevelt by 112,000. For two years at least Governor Smith will preside in irksome isolation at Albany. The Legislature will be Republican, and the Governor will not be able to leave the State without handing over the reins

of power to a Republican Lieutenant-Governor.

Already the lines are forming for a bitter contest over the control of the Democratic Party. Davis is thought to be eliminated, and Smith's towering prestige has encouraged his friends to hail him as Democracy's chief. But ominous rumblings from the West and South have indicated that the patched-up strife of the New York Convention is likely to break out again. McAdoo's supporters already have their eyes on the nomination in 1928; and the question poses itself whether ever again the two discordant wings of the Party—the conservative, dry, puritanic *hinterland*, and the wet, industrial, half foreign cities of the North and East—will be able to abide in peace together.

For the first time in American history, women have this year been elected State executives. In Texas



"Ma" Ferguson, arch-enemy of the Klan, has won hands down over her Republican opponent; and in Wyoming Mrs. Nellie T. Ross, widow of the late Governor of that State, has been elected by a narrow margin to succeed him. New Jersey for the first time is sending a Congress-woman to Washington in the person of Mrs. Mary T. Norton, Democrat, of Jersey City.

Mrs. Ferguson's anti-Klan victory in Texas is paralleled by another moral defeat for the Klan in Indiana. Ed Jackson, Republican Klan candidate, has won the Governorship, but the returns show that he was carried through solely by the Coolidge landslide. His plurality of 85,000 was only a third as large as Coolidge's, and half as large as that of the Republican nominee for Secretary of State, who was not stamped with the Klan label. In Kansas and Oklahoma, however, the Klan has won out. Kansas has elected Ben Paulen Governor over the Democrat, Jonathan Davis, and the Independent Republican, William Allen White, despite the latter's slashing assaults upon the Klan. And Oklahoma has rejected former Governor Jack Walton, Democratic anti-Klan candidate for the Senate, in favor of W. B. Pine.

The proposed Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution has received a smashing blow in Massachusetts, where the voters overwhelmingly condemned it. Though the fourth state to reject it, Massachusetts is the first outside of the South, and the Bay State's action is expected to influence the course of



UNCLE SAM'S TURN WITH THE BROOM  
—Rogers in *Washington Post*.

the rest of New England. The prospects for the Amendment are darkening.

The results of the election have confirmed the accuracy of the Wall Street betting forecasts. Wall Street foretold a decisive triumph for Coolidge and Dawes and a victory for Smith in New York State. The results have also borne witness to the trustworthy nature of the *Literary Digest's* gigantic straw ballot. The final *Digest* returns gave States with 379 electoral votes to Coolidge, and the election has given him 382. Only two States did not follow the straw ballot indications: Kentucky, which went for Coolidge, and Oklahoma, which supported Davis. The one weakness in the straw ballot was the disproportionate popular strength attributed to La Follette, who was shown running ahead of Davis. Thus the ballot, instead of being



loaded in favor of Coolidge and the Conservatives, as was charged, gave an exaggerated count to the radicals.

In a campaign marked by strenuous non-partisan efforts to bring all potential voters to the polls, some 28,000,000 ballots appear to have been cast for Presidential nominees, or about two million more than four years ago. This increase is partly accounted for by the natural growth of the country, and by an increased use among women of their newly acquired right of franchise. The nation's voting efficiency still seems to hover around fifty per cent. In the recent British election the ballots numbered more than a third of the population; in the American, they approximated one-fourth.

Coolidge's victory has already elicited speculation as to who will bear the Republican mantle in 1928. As Roosevelt yielded to Taft in 1908, will Coolidge yield to Hughes, Borah, or Harvey? Or will he run again, hoping to be the first President who served in three Administrations?

## Taking Stock and Marking Time

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE and the radical bloc have lost their strategic grip on Congress, and this, as much as the re-election of President Coolidge, has filled the business world with optimism. The sterile wranglings of an uncontrollable Congress will no longer try public patience, and prospects are bright for the belated adoption of the Mellon tax revision plan.

Almost beyond the fondest Republican hopes has been the G. O. P. sweep of the Congressional elections. The nominal Republican membership in the House has jumped from 225 to 246, and after conceding a score of these to the insurgents, the Party still retains an absolute majority by a narrow but safe margin.

In the Senate the Republicans have captured seats from the Democrats in Kentucky, Oklahoma, Massachusetts and Colorado, and have replaced Magnus Johnson, picturesque Farmer-laborite of Minnesota, by Thomas B. Schall, the blind Representative. Bursum's seat in New Mexico is the only one they have lost. These recruits will enable the Republicans to wreak vengeance on La Follette and Brookhart, Norris, Ladd, and Frazier, by ejecting these rebels from the councils of the Party. Just how firm the control of the Administration over the Senate will be, is still in doubt. The balance of power will lie with the moderate progressives, the "irregular regulars," such as Johnson, Borah, Capper, McMaster, Schall, Norbeck, Howell and Couzens. Perhaps the lesson of the recent election will dampen the ardor of lukewarm radicals; perhaps even without their unanimous support the President can carry on with the aid of conservative Democrats like Under-

wood, Bruce, Glass and Edwards. In any case the taciturn occupant of the White House is going to enjoy a brilliant opportunity to display in his dealings with the new Congress those qualities of strong leadership which his friends attribute to him.

A prospective Treasury surplus of some \$300,000,000 makes a further cut in the Federal income tax highly possible. That this reduction will be linked with a further effort to enact the Mellon surtax reforms is generally expected. It is believed, however, that the President will not demand much constructive work of the expiring Congress at its approaching Short Session. The time is too short and the Administration's control over the radicals too dubious. For temporary relief the President may ask for a pro rata tax cut similar to the 25 per cent. reduction enacted at the last session, and hold over for the next Congress the Treasury's carefully worked out plans for general tax revision. Whether the new body will be summoned in special session in the Spring remains to be seen.

The tragic suicide of Senator Frank B. Brandegee of Connecticut and the death of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts have removed from Washington two of the country's best-known and most influential figures. Both in recent years have been chiefly conspicuous as leaders in the fight against the League of Nations, and their passing may smooth the Administration's way toward a less intransigent attitude toward Geneva. Senator Borah is slated to suc-

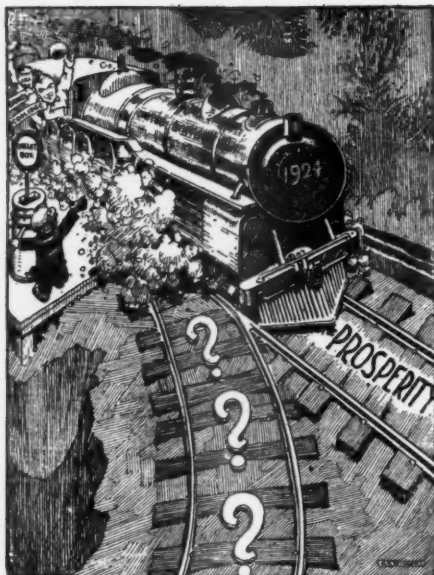
ceed the Massachusetts member as head of the Foreign Relations Committee. Though Senator Borah was an irreconcilable, his stand is regarded as more elastic than was that of the senior Senator from the Bay State.

William M. Butler, intimate friend and campaign manager of the President, has been rewarded with the Senate seat vacated by Lodge. Who will replace Brandegee is not yet known, but that he will be a Republican is about certain.

Taxation and foreign affairs are not the only issues of major importance needing Congressional attention. The flexible provisions of the Fordney-McCumber tariff have proved impracticable, and internal dissensions on both the Tariff and the Federal Trade Commissions have largely nullified the work of these bodies. Congress has also yet to solve the problem of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and is expected to work on a comprehensive plan for railroad consolidation.



PUTTING IT ON THE SHELF  
—Kirby in New York World.



OPEN THE THROTTLE  
—Williams in the New York American.

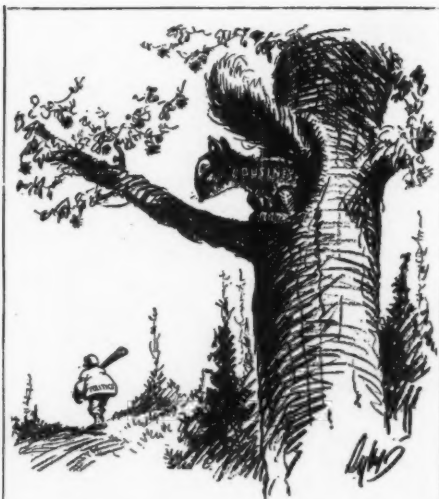
## Who Profits by Income Tax Publicity?

TEN years ago, before the introduction of the Federal income tax, with what grace would the American people have listened to a proposal to publish the size of private incomes? The suggestion would have been dismissed as a piece of unthinkable effrontery, or, if urged seriously, denounced as an intolerable invasion of the private citizen's private affairs. Yet last Spring Congress wrote that proposal into the law of the land, and it aroused almost no popular indignation until the income tax lists were actually made public and printed in many newspapers a few days before election.

Of course income tax payments do not offer a reliable indication of a man's income. Senator Couzens of Michigan, for example, is reported as paying only \$5,676, though it is

known that his share in the Ford corporation some years ago was worth some \$33,000,000. The supposition is that the Michigan Senator's fortune is tucked away in securities exempt from taxation; and this, incidentally, deprives him of any claim to altruism for his vigorous defense of high surtaxes. Though a multi-millionaire, he is not reached by them.

Income tax returns do not even offer a basis for determining the minimum of a man's income. Under many circumstances capital accumulated over years is taxable only when cashed in, and a fictitious importance is then assumed by one year's tax payment. Jack Dempsey and J. Pierpont Morgan paid last year about the same income tax, but it would be rash to suppose the champion pugilist as wealthy as the banker. Good luck in a single boxing bout was responsible for Dempsey's enormous income, whereas Morgan's, on the other hand, was probably secure from the hazards of any single event.



"HE'S HAD HIS FUN, I'LL GET BUSY AGAIN!"

—Sykes in N. Y. Evening Post.



Thus income tax publicity is deceptive, not furnishing the information about wealth and incomes which the public expects from it. It is flagrantly undemocratic, exposing to the general gaze the affairs of only a small minority. It is petty, furnishing food for the impudent curiosity of gossips and busybodies. It opens a door to business fakers, offering them choice lists of moneyed "prospects." It furnishes confidential information of a certain value to a business man's rivals. Those who sponsored the publicity clause in the tax law declared that it would reveal the illegal practices of tax evaders, but just how this object is accomplished remains obscure.

One service unforeseen by its sponsors has been rendered by the tax publicity. It has concentrated attention on the nature of the largest payments and thereby emphasized the arguments of Secretary Mellon for reduced surtaxes. The United States Steel Corporation paid last year about \$16,000,000; the Ford Corporation about \$14,000,000; John D. Rockefeller, Jr., about \$7,000,000; and Secretary Mellon, \$1,173,987. In these cases, where the highest surtaxes are operative, the Government is obviously not imposing a levy on the rich man's extravagances. It is safe to assume that neither Mr. Rockefeller nor Mr. Mellon deprive themselves of any indulgences to meet their tax bill; they pay their taxes out of their industrial funds. The tax amounts to a levy on industry, a diversion of capital from business channels into Government channels. High surtaxes are not so much a personal blow to the inordinately wealthy as a graduated penalty inflicted upon industries in direct proportion to their prosperity. A tax that punishes efficiency and success may gratify the passions of business-baiters, but is not just and is hardly conducive to the welfare of the country.



THE POLITICAL PEEK-HOLE

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

## Ontario Hiccoughs Over Prohibition

**A** FEW weeks ago the Canadian Province of Ontario voted by some 50,000 majority to retain prohibition, but one more such victory and the dry cause in Canada is lost. Five years ago a referendum in the same Province gave a majority of 400,000 to the drys, and this year's ballot therefore indicates almost a reversal of sentiment.

The Ontario plebiscite has been called the most important event in the world liquor fight since the adoption of the 18th Amendment. During the Great War all Canada and Newfoundland were swept into the bone-dry ranks; but prohibition sentiment in these northern neighbors of the United States has been receding ever since, and the vote in Ontario marked the culmination of this movement back to liquor. If Ontario had voted wet, it would not only have spelt the deathknell of prohibition in Canada: it would have offered to American patrons easy

access to liquor across the International Bridge at Niagara, by way of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence River, and in the Canadian summer resorts on the Great Lakes. It would have rendered prohibition enforcement in the Middle West virtually impossible. As it is, the closeness of the Ontario vote foreshadows further bitter conflict to the results of which the United States cannot be indifferent.

All Canada adopted prohibition in 1916, and Newfoundland took the same step on January 1, 1917. British Columbia was the first Province to recede, reverting in 1920 to a system of liquor sales through Government stores. In 1921 Quebec

followed suit. Alberta and Manitoba caught the infection in 1923, and Saskatchewan went overwhelmingly wet at a referendum held last July. Newfoundland at its recent legislative session repealed a dry law which had not been conscientiously enforced for four years. This left north of the United States only the populous province of Ontario and the three small maritime Provinces of Prince Edward's Island, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia in the dry column. If Ontario had gone wet in the plebiscite just held, it was expected that the Maritimes would swing into line without delay.

Only the remote rural vote saved

Ontario for the dries. The cities of Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton reversed their dry attitude of five years ago by decisive majorities, and the border towns, where bootlegging profits from the United States would have stimulated prosperity, also voted wet. Three influences were conspicuous in the fight against the prohibition law in Ontario. Bootleggers were eager to have free rein in exploiting the contraband possibilities across the southern border. The decided fiscal advantages enjoyed by neighboring wet Provinces, where the Governments are deriving large revenues from their liquor sales, appealed to Ontario taxpayers. Finally, a liquor traffic carefully regulated by the Government offered to many Ontarians a hopeful alternative to the notorious abuses of a badly enforced prohibition régime.

The wets in Canada are not fighting for the return



#### TWO OF A CLASS

Socialist (with red flags): "Here, mate, stick this in your coat. Every workingman ought to wear a red flag. This is a class war."

Anti-Socialist: "Class war! That's a funny thing. I'm as good a workingman as you, and I'm on the other side."

—London Punch.



of the old-time saloon, nor yet, as in some parts of the United States, for "light wines and beers." The issue is between a bone-dry prohibition law and some form of restricted sale through Government stores. Government control is said to be working best in British Columbia, and least well in Quebec, where the patronage of American tourists sometimes leads to gross abuses of the law. Alberta is experimenting rather unsuccessfully with a modified form of beer-and-wine saloon run in competition with Government sales.

At their best the Canadian liquor stores exercise a restraining influence on the consumption of their goods, and seem to be regarded by the communities as a satisfactory solution of the liquor problem. By selling light wines and beers cheaply and taxing spirits heavily, the sale of the less injurious beverages is encouraged. In British Columbia a serious effort is made to limit the amount sold to any one person. No liquor can be drunk on premises; and the store-keepers, in many instances former temperance workers, are taught that their job is to sell as little as they can persuade their customers to buy.

Whether the Ontario vote marks merely one step in the reversion of Canadian sentiment to liquor, or whether it means that the post-war anti-prohibition reaction has passed its climax, remains for time to tell.

## British Eggs in Tory Baskets

BY an unforeseen coincidence, the British Election synchronized with our own. In Britain as in America, there were three parties struggling for power. And in both cases, the nation ended the deadlock by a decisive vote for a Conservative Administration. On both sides of the sea, it appears to have been the women who flocked to the polls in immense numbers. And the women—American and British—were moved,



THE MORNING AFTER THE POLLS

The Premier, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Baldwin (in chorus):  
"For this relief, much thanks!"

John Bull: "And so say I. See it doesn't happen so again."

—Matt in London Graphic.



FRANCE RECOGNIZES RUSSIA  
—Knott in Dallas News.

it seems, by fear of the more extreme or radical propaganda of the Third, or Labor Party. Once more, it has been shown that women do not vote for their own sex. There were 41 women candidates in the British election. Only four were elected. The successful included Lady Astor and the Duchess of Atholl, of whom the latter is now in the Government. Margaret Bondfield, the Labor leader, suffered, alas, a defeat.

Like Calvin Coolidge, Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative leader in England, sat back and said little. Like John W. Davis, Herbert Asquith made his points in faultless style but was called a lawyer with a brief, and defeated. And like La Follette, MacDonald conducted a whirlwind campaign until his voice failed, but merely broke the Liberals without winning either office or power for himself and his friends. It may now be accepted as axiomatic that neither country will tolerate an attempt to interfere with the two-party system and that a third party, however zealous and sincere, merely wrecks the Progressive cause which it is supposed to advance.

In the last House of Commons, the Conservatives had 258 seats, the Labor Party 193, and the Liberals 158. To-day, the Conservatives can claim 406 seats, Labor is reduced to 150, while the Liberals have only 37. But there is this comment to be added. President Coolidge can claim that he received the votes of a large majority of the electors. Prime Minister Baldwin, however, knows that his majority of 200 in the House of Commons represents a minority in the country. It is only because the Labor and Liberal votes were split that Baldwin has been returned to power. Roughly the figures are—Conservatives, 7,500,000; Labor 5,500,000 and Liberal 3,000,000. If, then, there should be a reunion of the Opposition, the Conservative minority would be a million or thereabouts. For four years, Baldwin's power is assured but it is absurd to suppose that, within this period, there will have been no reorganization in the other parties.

Baldwin's second government is much stronger than was the first which he inherited from Bonar Law. With ruthless courage, he has scrapped the Tory peerage. Of his five Secretaries of State, four are in the House of Commons and the fifth is assigned, not to a Devonshire, to a Derby or a Salisbury, but to Lord Birkenhead, whose mother brought up five children on £500 a year. If then Britain is to have Toryism, it will at least be Tory Democracy. On the ground that there are not enough kings in Europe for Lord Curzon to speak to, he has been refused the Foreign Office and he tenderly reposes in the silk and satin of a sinecure. Plain Mr. Chamberlain is now the Foreign Secretary. And, *mirabile dictu*, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and deputy leader of the House of Commons is Toryism's prodigal son, Winston Churchill. This is killing the fatted calf with a vengeance, and if there is not universal music and dancing in Con-

servative quarters, the appointment has been, on the whole, well received. Faced by MacDonald and Lloyd George, Baldwin was bound to have at his side some colleague who can address the House of Commons. Whether Churchill has secured the reversion of the Prime Ministership, may be doubted. There is still Austen Chamberlain in the running.

Baldwin's policy will include some attempt by occasional tariffs to "safeguard threatened industries" and an "imperial preference" which will amount to little since he is pledged against taxes on food. There will be hands off Russia and a firm attitude towards India and Egypt.

Generally, it may be said that the Conservative victory has restored confidence. Sterling at once responded and the stock exchange in London was buoyant. The Italian Fascisti cry in delight, "England, Old England, Has Found Itself." In her boundary dispute with the Irish Free State, Ulster again takes courage. In Austria, Dr. Zimmerman, the financial representative of the League of Nations, has had his hands strengthened. Prime Minister Bethlen of Hungary declares for a reactionary platform which includes the suspension of the ballot. And Yugoslavia announces that "a wave of honest conservatism is over-running Europe." Even German monarchists are rubbing their hands with glee. On the other hand, Prime Minister Herriot is embarrassed. And there is considerable misgiving lest the protocol issued by the League of Nations, calling a Disarmament Conference for next June, may be endangered. Also, it is possible that the scheme for fortifying Singapore and introducing British naval influence into the Pacific will be revived.

Happily, Foreign Secretary Chamberlain is a cautious statesman, while Churchill—to quote his own expression, "the ginger" of the Cabinet—is in a department where

it is to his interest, not to spend public money but to save it. Faced by that "very lively corpse," the irate Labor Party, and by the possibility of political strikes, it is unlikely that Stanley Baldwin will go fishing in troubled waters.

□ □

## The Red Flag at Half Mast in England

**I**F Ramsay MacDonald was upset—and with him, the opinion of Colonel House that Liberalism is sweeping Europe—the reason is, in one word, Russia. The situation is serious enough to call for the facts.

The United States has steadily refused to recognize Russia. But on taking office, MacDonald at once shook hands with Moscow, and on the eve of the British Elections, Prime Minister Herriot, anxious to help MacDonald, also yielded recognition by France. The argument for recognition is that there can be no disarmament in Eastern Europe as



JOHN BULL: "JUST LET THEM TRY TO GET IT AWAY FROM ME!"

—Le Midi (Toulouse).



CHINA AT A GLANCE  
—Williams in New York American.

long as Russia is treated as an outlaw. That Russia behaves strangely is not denied, but as the *London Daily News* (Liberal) puts it, "there would seem to be few easier and more certain ways of driving a man out of his mind than for his neighbors to conspire to treat him as a madman."

In June and July, Britain endeavored to negotiate a commercial treaty with Russia. During the discussions, it was soon clear that Russia was out for a loan and MacDonald publicly refused the money. The British banks declined to lend and Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, drew tight the taxpayers' purse-strings.

But early in August, Russia began to use other means of forcing MacDonald's hand. In Britain, there is a Communist Party, affiliated with and under the orders of the Third International at Moscow. The organ of this party is *The Workers' Weekly*, whose editor had been

prosecuted for writing an article calculated to seduce the forces of the Crown from their loyalty. Within a few days, two things happened, first, the prosecution was withdrawn under pressure; secondly, the treaty containing a guaranteed loan to Russia was signed under pressure. But the coincidence ended Britain's confidence in her government and MacDonald was driven to bay.

There followed a sensational incident. Russia now knew that she could expect no money and she threw off the mask. As the electoral campaign in Britain was reaching its crisis, there fell into the hands both of the Government there and of the press a characteristic document, signed by Zinovieff, President of the Third International and marked "very secret," in which he called upon the Communists in Britain to establish revolutionary "nuclei" or "cells" in the British Army and Navy, so preparing a "Red Army" which would overturn King, Parliament and society as organized on its present economic basis. Earlier in the year, MacDonald had warned the Soviet Republic against trying any such "monkey business" and had received a firm pledge against "propaganda." It was this pledge which seemed to be broken.

It was on the Russian Treaties and the Russian Loan that MacDonald was fighting the election. And here in his dispatch box was this bombshell. A hostile press forced publication. And Russia, following her invariable custom, pleaded "a white" forgery by "royalists" in Riga. J. L. Balderston, of the *New York World*, accepted the explanation. Others could not attain to so charitable a credulity. The Labor Cabinet held a deathbed inquiry but dared not deny what the Foreign Office and Scotland Yard's secret service asserted, that the propaganda was genuine and authentic. As William Henry Cham-



berlin says, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Zinovieff "possesses a certain faculty for appealing to the Communist rank and file" and "for exciting and exploiting to the utmost degree the mass emotions of class consciousness, fanaticism, hatred of the bourgeoisie"—and so on. One piquant statement is that his dispatch was handed to Stanley Baldwin at the wedding of his cousin, Rudyard Kipling's daughter! During the Election, the Communists in England sang "The Red Flag" constantly in opposition to the National Anthem.

For the document does not stand alone. At the moment of its appearance *Die Rote Fahne* (The Red Flag) in Germany was publishing a similar attempt to influence the elections there. And a secret arsenal was discovered in Berlin by detectives. Zinovieff also wrote his "hail" to "William Z. Foster, candidate of the Workers' Party" in the United States, which country is accused by Trotzky of imperialism!

Under the circumstances, William Reswick's interview in the New York *American* with Rykoff, who is Lenin's nominal successor, has its humorous side. He wants our money and he disclaims all propaganda—a disclaimer not easy to reconcile with Kamenef's singularly undiplomatic boast that Britain's treaty with Russia was "signed under the menaces of the big stick." Kamenef adds "we must win over the masses who still follow the London and Amsterdam International," and his aim is action "against Herriot and MacDonald." The big British steamship lines—the Cunard, the White Star and others—are "pulling out" of business with Russia; and it is unlikely that the United States will step in to fill the breach.

At this juncture the Russians have lost a good friend in E. D. Morel, celebrated British ultra-radical of checkered career, whose death followed closely on the British election.

## China on the Rocks of Revolution

CHAOS in China changes daily like a kaleidoscope, and a civil war that has its comedies is rapidly developing into "red ruin and the breaking up of laws." And it is the eastern coasts of China, where commerce and civilization and Christianity are most advanced, that to-day suffer a grievous loss of life and wreck of credit and property.

Canton, where a few years ago it seemed as if Sun Yat Sen had established a model municipality, is now plunged, largely by his act, into a maelstrom of Chinese politics, with the result that a property damage of many millions has been inflicted on the city in the struggle between Sun Yat Sen's Bolshevized mercenaries and the Merchants' Volunteer Corps, or Fascisti, organized by the foreign interests in their own de-



"HUMPH! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING  
BACKWARD ABOUT THIS CHINESE  
CIVILIZATION."

—Smith in Nashville Tennessee.

fence. Shanghai is threatened by conflicts not less brutal and costly, and to the north, around Pekin, there have been battles as bloody and wanton as most battles in all wars, save the most recent. Cities are looted by defeated troops, turned bandit, and entire towns disappear in flame. Civil war in China, waged with ancient zeal and modern weapons, has ceased to be a joke. And it is said that on the Nanking Railway every place within a hundred miles of Soochow has been in flames. Amid the welter of "news" is the wild suggestion that the troops include monkeys for scouting and bears for digging up mines.

As yet, there has been no foreign intervention. But the warships of various navies are gathered at the disturbed ports, and at Tientsin, near Pekin, Japanese troops are reported. Russia now holds Mongolia—a vast territory governed hitherto in the name of "the Living Buddha" whose death is reported—and Bolshevism has also captured the mind of Sun Yat Sen in the south. Despite all disclaimers, it must be held as obvious that Chang, lord of Manchuria, is backed and financed by Japan, by whose officers he is surrounded. The *New York Bulletin* puts his Japanese subsidy at \$50,000 a month, paid by the Japanese Consul-General at Mukden. Indeed, it was after a brush with Chang's Japanese allies that Wu Pei Fu, the pillar of the Republic at Pekin, has been eclipsed. His army shattered, he has fled by sea southwards and taken refuge on the Yangtse where are still his allies. According to the ironical etiquette that persists in China during the stormiest times, Wu Pei Fu has been appointed "Chief Commissioner for the Development of Koko Nor." The district of Koko Nor, it should be added, is in northeastern Tibet!

During the onslaught on Wu Pei Fu, delivered by Chang and Japanese "advisers," the "Christian"

General Feng suddenly threw off his allegiance to Wu Pei Fu and seized Pekin and the Government. Feng is unquestionably the Cromwell of China—a man of deep mysticism who imposes stern discipline—and his first act has been to "remove that bauble"—namely, the Chinese Emperor—from his palaces. The Manchu subsidy of \$4,000,000 is to be reduced to \$500,000, which loss would be more serious for the Emperor, the Empress and other members of the household if the subsidy had not been usually in arrear. But this action marks one more step in China's breaking with the past. The sixteenth "Son of Heaven," a slim youth of twenty, has been living since his abdication in 1912 in regal fashion, though shorn of authority, and has retained the reverence of the Chinese masses. To the humbler quarters whither Feng has now transferred him he may be able to carry his American typewriter, of which he is said to be fond, but he will have to forego imperial etiquette, the one hollow reminder left to him up to now of his ancestor's grandeur.

That Feng and his ironsides will clean things up in Pekin, is probable. But will he unite China? That is the real question.

□ □

## Fanatic Fires in the Orient

**I**T will be no wonder if the new Government in Britain shows a firm face towards the East. "The nations rightly struggling to be free" are there paying a heavy price for their jealousies and aspirations. Blood, tears and treasure are included in the costs of "liberty."

In eighteen months of "Egypt for the Egyptians," the land of the Pharaohs has managed to default on



her debt. Her finances are drifting back forty years to the old insolvency. And it is, perhaps, no wonder that even so sympathetic a statesman as Ramsay MacDonald should have said a firm "no" to the demand of Zaghloul, the Egyptian Prime Minister, for complete independence, control of the Soudan and the withdrawal of British troops from the Suez Canal.

The nationalist movement in India is wrecked by Hindu-Moslem riots which Gandhi seeks to expiate by a twenty-one day fast, and it is only the British Raj that keeps the country from the kind of war which is seen in China, accentuated by religious animus.

In Turkey, there is independence, but the Republic, after its victories, is a prey to bankruptcy and wretchedness. The Greeks and Armenians, who conducted the trade of the country, have been driven out or massacred, and an inevitable impoverishment has resulted. Indeed, during the past month, further excesses of this kind have had to be referred to the League of Nations, which body is also delimiting the Anglo-Turkish frontier in Mosul, where the Kurds, used by Turkey in times past to massacre Armenians, have been wiping out the villages of Nestorian Christians. Incidentally, the British show no disposition to relinquish their potentially valuable oil concessions in Mesopotamia.

Finally, we have the end of King Hussein's rule in Mecca, where the fanatical Wahabis of the desert, led by their Sultan, Ibn Saud, have taken possession, after destroying a few towns and slaughtering a suitable number of insufficiently "faithful" followers of the Prophet. It is, perhaps, no wonder that these incidents have strengthened the old-fashioned opinions in favor of European imperialism, as an alternative to the more sanguinary politics of the Orient.



PLENTY OF REASON FOR THIS  
CROWNED HEAD BEING UNEASY  
—Smith for Newspaper Enterprise Ass'n.

## Europe Swaps Crutches for Canes

THE change of government in Britain has been accompanied by much political unsettlement in Europe. An election is pending in Germany, which like all elections in that country involves the fate of the Republic. In Italy, Mussolini is feeling his isolation from all Liberal elements in that country and seeks prestige in a huge skyscraper, to be built at Rome, where its only effect will be to dwarf those monuments of the Eternal City on which her real glory must ever rest. France is undergoing an attempt by former President Millerand to regain the limelight at Herriot's expense. With Spain chafing under Primo de Rivera's dictatorship, with his fall impending and with Ibañez ridiculing King Alfonso from the safety of his exile, Europe is to-day a sea of instabilities. Beneath the surface, however, there seems to be clear evidence of a quiet return to normalcy.

# Listening In

## A Broadcast of Significant Sayings

**TRUTHS** discovered by the mind are sterile. Only the heart can make its dreams flower. It puts life into what it loves, for feeling sows the seeds of good in the world. The mind has not that power. If you would serve mankind, put reason aside as a burden, and mount on the wings of enthusiasm. He who thinks too deeply will never fly.—*Anatole France, agnostic ironist and revered dean of France's intellectuals, whose recent death stimulated world-wide praise from all save religious critics.*

**ARE** the triumphs of medical science fated to work a vital change in the temperament of modern society? There has been a rapid extension in the average length of human life in the last few decades, and this means that the proportion of young men among us is falling. Youth has always been the proverbial haven for progressive thoughts and actions. In the Society of the Middle Aged that is coming upon us, are we to observe a steady influence, or shall we suffer by having too much prudence and too little adventure?—*Dean Inge, one of England's acutest social diagnosticians.*

**THERE** are more men geniuses than women geniuses, but there are more imbeciles and idiots among men than among women. . . . Talent means the ability to do well what others have done already, while genius means the ability to do something new.—*Havelock Ellis, philosopher and psychologist.*

**WITHOUT** having improved appreciably in virtue, mankind in our generation has got into its hands for the first time the tools by which it can unflinchingly accomplish its own destruction: means of self-annihilation incalculable in their effects, wholesale and frightful in their character, and unrelated to any form of human merit. And the fires of hatred are burning deep in the hearts of some of the greatest peoples, fanned by continual provocation and unceasing fear.

But we are enjoying a blessed respite of exhaustion, offering to the nations a final chance to control their destinies and avert a general doom. Against the gathering but still distant tempest the League of Nations, deserted by the United States, scorned by Soviet Russia, flouted by Italy, distrusted equally by France and Germany, raises feebly but faithfully its standards of sanity and hope. Its structure, airy and unsubstantial, framed of shining but too often visionary idealism, is yet the only path to safety and salvation.—*Winston Churchill, influential member of the new Conservative Government in England.*

**MAN** is a captive animal deprived by civilization of the opportunity to keep well by ranging over the wilds and catching his food with his own swiftness of leg and snatching hands. We are creatures of conflict, who not only live on conflict, but in the bottom of our hearts love conflict. Why do we love Presidential campaigns? Baseball games? The struggle of business? Murder trials? Novels, crook stories, motion pictures? Because of the excitement of clash and the conflict of

forces. All life is either matching oneself against the next man, or watching two others hard at it. Every pacifist is trying to clamp a cover on a fundamental human instinct. It can't be done. The intelligent thing is to recognize our instincts, and turn them into healthy channels of work and play.—*Richard Washburn Child, former Ambassador to Italy.*

**RELIGION** is a necessity to most of mankind. Modern psychology shows that it is one of the highest activities, a natural function which needs education

and cultivation. Science must study it as an activity of man just as it studies the building of a honeycomb in a beehive.

The religion of the past has dealt with the unknown, the mystic, the miraculous. The religion of the future will deal with the known, the real, the natural. Religion will be the relation between our personalities and external reality.—*Julian Huxley, biologist, grandson of Thomas Huxley, one of the pioneer evolutionists.*

WE often hear the hackneyed lamentation that the American Presidency has not attracted "great and striking men." But even conceding that no one now recalls Polk or Pierce, has Downing Street a much better record than the White House? Who is interested in Addington, Perceval, Derby, or Campbell-Bannerman? If General Grant made a poor President, so did General Wellington make a poor Prime Minister. England can boast of her Pitts, her Walpoles, Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli and Gladstone; but we have had Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson. Both countries have had great men and small, and whether the proportion is larger here or there is an arguable question. —*William Bennett Munro, Professor of Municipal Government of Harvard University.*

I AM sorry to say we have no orchestra in England at present that can compare in quality of material and in discipline with the Philadelphia Orchestra, to name the only one in America I have heard. —*Ernest Newman, one of England's leading musical critics, who is spending a year in America observing musical activities in the United States.*

THE peoples of Europe are all so composite in their origin, after centuries and millenniums of migrations thither and yon, by hordes, armies, colonies and individuals, that one nation is racially often about the same as its nearest neighbor, in physical and presumably mental type. Of course a Northern Frenchman and a Bavarian think themselves of different races, separated by a gap like that between man and beast. But as any good book on the history of European races would tell them, the only real difference between them is that they think nonsense in different languages, and belong to competitive fatherlands. —*Professor S. Columb Gilfillan, of Grinnell College, Iowa.*

ONLY fanatics or dolts believe that a thing is bad simply because it is forbidden by law. To believe that would be to ascribe moral infallibility and infinite wisdom to legislators. A crime is simply an act which the law forbids. It by no means follows that this criminal act is either good or bad. The punishment follows for the violation of the law and not for moral transgression, though occasionally crimes are also immoral. But sometimes the violator of the law is clearly superior to those who are back of it. The Judge who sentenced Ghandi apologized for the necessity. He appreciated that Ghandi, though a criminal, was also a saint. —*Clarence Darrow, America's most*

*celebrated criminal lawyer who recently defended Loeb and Leopold, the Chicago boy-murderers.*

WALL STREET is progressive and possibly indispensable. It buys when something is ready for junking. It doesn't finance the business of twenty-five years hence. It takes the dying success, squeezes out the last drop and tosses it away. That's why Wall Street is progressive. It disposes of the antiquated and obsolete. It will kill the railroads, and in killing off the antiquated and obsolete Wall Street does a service, for an industry which cannot withstand the squeezing that Wall Street may give it had better die. If it can tear down a young thing, the thing is better torn down. —*Henry Ford, whose success permits him to be indulgent toward the financial powers which were once his arch-enemy.*

ADMINISTRATIVE work is valued in America out of proportion to its importance. If Einstein had been an American — as he would have been if his father had happened to emigrate — he would have been put on so many boards and committees that he would have had no time to do

original work. Propagandists for Americanism assert that their land is the home of individualism, but the truth is that in America the individual is nothing and the community is everything. —*Bertrand Russell, England's celebrated scientist, philosopher and radical sociologist.*

I HAVE never seen any description of Heaven which was even tolerable. To me the conception of Heaven as a place of refuge from pain and drudgery is unthinkable. Joy in work is my ideal of existence, here or hereafter. The new religion to come will recognize that there is nothing ultimate within its knowledge. It will seek an open field, constantly shifting, and will not pretend any final recommendation of any sort. —*Charles W. Eliot, nonagenarian President-emeritus of Harvard and grand old man of New England.*

## Stanley Baldwin

*Back in Downing Street, He Enjoys the Power of a Dictator*

**F**OR the second time in his surprising career, Stanley Baldwin is the British Prime Minister. And this year, he has behind him a majority of 200 in the House of Commons. He is thus no longer the stop-gap appointed to tide over a moment of chaos, or a dark horse who slips to the winning post between two favorites. Stanley Baldwin is to-day the triumphant dictator, both of his party and of the nation. He is assured of four years of office with power and possibly eight years—an opportunity that ranks him with Gladstone and Disraeli, with Salisbury, Balfour, Asquith and Lloyd George. Rightly to estimate his character is to see history in advance.

He is, it must be confessed, the mildest-mannered man who ever scuttled,

first a Coalition and secondly a conspiracy of Communists. By occupation, he is an ironmaster, railroad director and banker of the second generation, which means that he has never known what it is to be ill supplied with all the money that he can spend. But there have been two influences that humanized his character as an employer. The first has been an education at Harrow School and Trinity College, Cambridge, which turned him into a 'Varsity man. And the second has been the literary and artistic environment, on which so much has been written. His mother was one of four sisters, of whom one was married to Burne-Jones, the painter, a second to Sir E. J. Poynter, a President of the Royal Academy, while the third had a son called Rudyard Kipling. It was the Rev. George B. MacDonald, a Methodist Minister of limited means, who was father of this quartet of beautiful daughters and grandfather, therefore, of the Prime Minister. In that gifted family, there were also two notable uncles. One was the late Henry J. MacDonald, financial editor of the *New York World* from 1868 to 1880, a journalist who, during the panic of 1873, wrote so wisely that Wall Street presented him with a testimonial signed by 91 important firms. During his last illness, this once famous scribe of the dollar displayed great courage, going to his desk daily by the "elevated," although this meant getting out at intermediate stations and resting before a subsequent train arrived. The second uncle was, like his father, a preacher. "There were days," he used to say, "when Rudyard Kipling was called my nephew. Now I am called his uncle."

Thus surrounded by books, brains and pictures, Baldwin has dwelt in leisurely fashion at Astley Hall, his mansion in Worcestershire, reading much, also smoking his briar pipe and



Courtesy London Saturday Review

**SHOULD HE RAISE HOGS OR GOVERN  
THE BRITISH EMPIRE?**

Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, pipe alight,  
is thus pictured as soilloquizing.



breeding pigs. In appearance, he might be himself a Methodist minister, for he loves the armchair, the fireside, the library and meditation. And in his children he has seen the heredity of idealism. His daughters again suggest "the Burne-Jones girl" who in her day was as famous as her more vivacious sister, the Gibson Girl of Virginia. And his son Oliver is a Socialist and member of the Labor Party—indeed, an adventurer whose escapades like his goatee beard and Spanish mustache suggest Don Quixote. Seldom has the duty of "bringing up father" been performed with so strict a sense of filial responsibility as by this son who confesses himself to be "heartbroken" when his Socialist *confrères* wander from the safe territory of "the Second International" and stray into the unspeakable paths of that "Third International" which gnashes its fangs in the lair called Moscow.

In the background where dwell the Baldwins, there is thus a curious hint of recklessness—of unaccountability. If Stanley Baldwin is trusted, it is because he was, until the age of forty, trained in business, indeed in big business. Doubtless, he owed much to his father's success. But he improved on it, showing himself to be at once a capable and a considerate executive. For, as employers, the Baldwins are popular and public-spirited. During the South African War, the elder Baldwin kept up the friendly society dues of all his workers, absent on active service. And during the much severer struggle against Germany, the younger Baldwin rendered the same assistance. Conscious that he could not himself join the colors, he had his estate valued and gave one-fourth of it to the National Exchequer—this, in addition, to his legal taxes. It was Quixotic. But it was an act that reflected the spirit of the pre-Raphaelites in art and of Ruskin in literature. While Baldwin is a Tory, no one can accuse him of being a Tory of the old school.

In due course, Baldwin succeeded his father as a private member of the House

of Commons. His name was always mentioned with respect, but few thought of him, fifteen years ago, as a Minister of the Crown. He did, however, become Bonar Law's private secretary and was, later, promoted to be Financial Secretary to the Treasury—a post regarded in England as "the threshold of the Cabinet." In his corner seat on the front bench, he managed to hold his own at "questions"—that "third degree" of every afternoon which, at Westminster, recalls the cross-examining achievements of the Gridiron Club at Washington. Baldwin seemed to be the very ideal of Lloyd George's business man in office.

But in the spring of 1922, there came the break. Lloyd George wanted to appeal to the country as the head of the Coalition and so receive a new term of office as Prime Minister. But the Die Hards in the Conservative Party preferred to kill the Coalition and return to their undiluted Toryism. Baldwin, though himself a moderate, joined the Die Hards. "When we part company with the Coalition," said he, "we shall part as gentlemen," and through the summer the rebels waited. They had no liking for Lord Northcliffe's tutelage and they held back their thunderbolts until he had left the scene. Then they assembled at the Carlton Club. Austen Chamberlain and Balfour were still for the Coalition. Viscount Birkenhead asked scornfully whether it was "the cabin boy" who should run the ship of state. But Baldwin uttered the decisive word. His view was simple. "Lloyd George," so he reasoned, "has wrecked the Liberal Party to which he belongs. Why should he be allowed to wreck our party also?" There was no subtlety about such logic. But, on the other hand, there was no answer to it. The Conservatives decided by a majority that it was less painful to invite Lloyd George to commit hara-kiri than it was to be disembowelled themselves. Bonar Law became Prime Minister, with Baldwin as his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lloyd George was, perhaps, a little peeved

about it. And Churchill declaimed with asperity against the disloyalty of under-secretaries in the presence of their superiors.

Baldwin continued on the even tenor of his way. About his indiscretions, there has ever been a charming non-chalance. When England winced under the terms of repaying her debt to the United States, Baldwin coolly hinted that it had not been easy to discuss finance with Senators reared on farms from the Middle West. Educationally, he thinks that the American boy is two years behind the British. Over a duty on glazed gloves, he fought as if the British Empire depended on it. And when King George said it made him very happy to have his hand kissed by Stanley Baldwin as Prime Minister, the courtier answered: "It makes me, sir, very unhappy." Greeted by the press,

on his return to Downing Street, Baldwin remarked, "I need not your congratulations, but your prayers." And in an interview, afterwards repudiated, he said exactly what he thought of those three men of sin—Churchill, Lloyd George and Birkenhead—who clung to the Coalition, and of those twin magnates of publicity, Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere. And Mrs. Baldwin's comment on her husband's career is that there are so many other things that they wanted to do together. Whether breeding pigs in Worcestershire, an occupation which Baldwin is loath to resign, is really better worth while than governing the British Empire is a question that time alone will answer. Those who see only the mediocre in Stanley Baldwin are betting on the pigs. Others prefer to place their wagers of prophecy on the statesman.

## William Allen White

### *A Kansas Klan-baiter Who Doesn't Miss Being Governor*

CURIOSLY enough, the independent race made by William Allen White for the Governorship of Kansas, on a platform that rocked and rumbled in denunciation of the Ku Klux Klan, would have been a victory for the Emporia editor regardless of its outcome. He had led lost causes before, and he and they had come out more whooping and hopeful than ever. They tell it with sunflowers in Kansas that "Bill White is supereminently the American knight errant, a volunteer in a battle that is never won, but that also is never lost so long as there are those who believe it can be won."

In Kansas narroww nouns and fruity adjectives are not the treat they are to tillers of stingier soils. Anywhere else, observes Anne O'Hare McCormick, in the *N. Y. Times*, the William Allen White vocabulary alone would have elected him. Even there town and countryside turned out en masse to enjoy wallops delivered with the punch

carried only by the walloping "Gazetteer of Emporia." Sore was his good writing hand as the gubernatorial campaign in Kansas drew to a close. There was a wide area of blister on its little finger. "Gosh!" he would cry on the stump, "they shook my arm off last night. Whew, how this thing hurts!" But he was never so happy. He crushed a heckler who wanted to know if it wasn't a fact that, asked what he thought of women in politics, he answered: "Women should never get more than four feet from the kitchen sink." Blithely he replied:

"Oh, boy! Let me get at him. I have been fighting for woman suffrage in Kansas for thirty years. There never has been a measure the women wanted that I didn't support and help with all my might. The question was the effervescing of an inspired chump."

"I am loaded for this bird," he continued in his meaty Kaw dialect, though



his literary admirers must have been pained to find him addressing the crowd as "folks," like a train boy trying to sell peanuts. The Klan, which he vowed to "clean out of their cow pastures," he genially described as having "assimilated the ragtags, bobtails, cripple-wits, lame-brains, dumb-bells and riffraff of the community."

In making his race against the regular Republican and Democratic gubernatorial candidates, White circulated petitions in every county but his own in order to test public sentiment. In ten days he had 10,000 names, the largest number ever affixed to any petition in Kansas. Backed by this prompt popular mandate he immediately embarked upon his campaign to save Kansas from the Kluxers, declaring:

"Going to Topeka will be no snap for me. I am 54 years old and I have never been in politics before. I have a lot of interesting things I want to do with the rest of my life, and this isn't one of them. But I'm in this fight for a principle, the principle of American freedom that these imperial gizzards, nighty nobility and cow-pasture patriots are out to betray.

"What will happen to Kansas, this parallelogram of progress, the greatest and freest and best State in the Union, where people have an average longevity of three years longer than other folks, if we saddle ourselves with an invisible government based on bigotry and cupidity?

"I am as American as anybody. My people came to this country 300 years ago. My father settled in Kansas in 1859 and my mother, who was a Yankee school-marm, came here in 1865. I was born here and I hope to die here. I am a Congregationalist, but when I was a boy the preacher didn't know anything about the



A REAL AMERICAN WENT HUNTING

—Rollin Kirby in the N. Y. World.

100 per cent. Americans who hated three kinds of people and would probably hate everybody if they ever got to be 200 per cent. American."

Kansas has not recovered from its astonishment at William Allen White's voluntarily seeking to abandon his settled ambition to lead the quiet life of a country editor and abstain from public office. Thirty years ago an editorial writer on the *Kansas City Star*, he quit the approximately metropolitan daily field for that of a small town and country journalism. His newspaper, the *Emporia Gazette*, at once became the uncompromising organ of the editor's convictions. National success came his way, but newspapers, magazines and book publishers have sought vainly to wean "Bill" White away from his beloved Kansas. Her quarrels are his quarrels, her troubles his and her successes are his pride, even above personal advancement.

Although this rabid anti-Klansman ran in direct opposition to the straight Republican candidate for gubernatorial honors in the Sunflower State, he is on record as supporting President Coolidge and the national Republican ticket. Asked to explain this apparent inconsistency he tells the story of a good fellow who came home late and wobbly and whose wife wanted to know what he had been doing.

"I've been playing g-golf," he replied.

"Golf! At this hour of the night!"

"I've been playing g-golf," he repeated with dignity; "and the g-golf ball h-hit the fellow I was playing with and—b-broke his leg, and I had t-to take him t-to the h-hospital. Now that's my story," he concluded triumphantly, "and I'll stick to it."

It is recalled that when Editor White appeared in Atchison, the home of E. W. Howe, to make a campaign speech, the *Atchison Globe* said in its advance notices of the event that "old

Bill White doesn't want to be elected Governor. [Incidentally, he was defeated.] He is running for fun, for notoriety, to get newspaper publicity. Attend his meeting to-night; pack the hall; cheer on his appearance as long as New Yorkers cheered when Al Smith was placed in nomination for the Presidency, for old Bill dearly loves that sort of thing. The New Yorkers didn't expect Al Smith to be President, and Kansas people do not expect Bill White to be Governor. Give him notoriety, and vote against him. He didn't come here looking for votes, but for cheers. Give them to him to-night. He doesn't want to be Governor."

E. W. Howe thinks this is the attitude of Kansans generally toward William Allen White who is "such a good fellow the people like to see him enjoy himself, being secure in the belief that he is incapable of doing harm. A natural, lovable man, except in politics; monkeying with which he is as quarrelsome as an old man playing checkers."

## Jules Jusserand

### *An Ambassador Who Has Weathered Diplomatic Gales*

IT is not the custom of CURRENT OPINION to indulge in valedictories. We are here concerned, not with men of the past, but with men of the future. In the case of Ambassador Jusserand, however, we make an exception. For twenty-two long and eventful years, he has been the James Bryce of France at Washington. It is a term of service, almost, if not quite unprecedented in the annals of trans-Atlantic diplomacy. And for many years, M. Jusserand has been the dean or doyen of his Diplomatic Corps. Not a few, therefore, have been the occasions when he has had to act as umpire in disputes involving the most delicate shades of etiquette. And he has never failed to display at once a shrewd humor and a firm decisive tact.

Like Bryce, Ambassador Jusserand has recognized that a diplomat in the

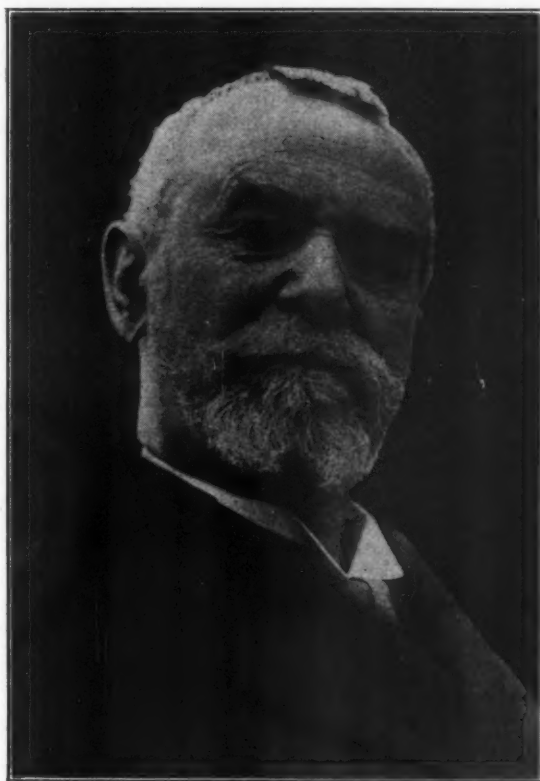
new world must be something more human than his official self. A native of Lyons, he entered the service of his country by competitive examination. But he was also a horseman, an amateur athlete and something more than this as a literateur. For he learned the English language until he could write it in the classic style and his books have been, at once, graceful and thorough. In 1916, he won the Pulitzer Prize of \$2,000 by his volume "With Americans of Past and Present Days," which was adjudged the best work on the history of the United States produced during the year. He has also served as President of the American Historical Writers' Association.

It was via London that Ambassador Jusserand crossed the ocean. After service in Tunis and Copenhagen, he acted first as counsel, next as counsellor

of the French Embassy in the British Capital. There, as at Washington, he pursued the plan of studying the country to which he was accredited through its literature. He mastered Shakespeare and wrote a book on Shakespeare's relations to France. Another volume was entitled "The English Novel and Shakespeare's Time." And yet a third was "English Way-faring Life," in which he elaborated a study of how minstrels, friars, beggars and outlaws wandered about in the fourteenth century. With this background of culture and an American wife, he started his career at Washington as Ambassador.

Here his methods were entirely his own. While German Ambassadors of the type of Bernstorff indulged in propaganda and not too worthy intrigues, Jusserand was content to be simply himself. The court to which he was accredited became the tennis court where it was his habit to play Roosevelt at his favorite game. It was by his intimacy that his integrity was demonstrated and, from first to last, the successive administrations of Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge extended to him an unreserved confidence.

In fact, it was never at Washington that he had trouble. If he was criticized it was in Paris. France is intensely national. And her information was that the United States has never forgotten Lafayette. She assumed, therefore, that her Ambassador was at fault if the United States hesitated before guaranteeing French liabilities in the Rhine Valley. And it was appar-



© Wide World

AN AMBASSADOR WHO IS SLATED TO BECOME AN  
"IMMORTAL"

M. Jusserand, French envoy at Washington for the past 22 years, is to be honored by the French Academy on his retirement.

ently into deaf ears that Jusserand poured the truth—which is that the American estimate of Europe is not French but international. She did not fight for the hegemony of France but for a just and permanent peace which should include both friend and foe.

The chagrin over Ambassador Jusserand came to a climax during the Washington Conference. The assumption in France was that the British and the American Governments would quarrel over their respective navies and that, as Prime Minister, M. Briand would compose their differences. When it was

discovered that there was no such Anglo-American schism, but that, on the contrary, the British and Americans were ready to agree on a schedule for the limitation of battleships, France surrendered herself to an outburst of blame for Jusserand. Why had he not warned Paris of the real situation? It was, of course, a case of none being so deaf as those who won't hear. Jusserand had not been deceived. But Jove himself could not have undeceived the Paris of those post-Armistice days.

He was not recalled. For to recall him would have been quintessential irony. He thus goes home with all the honors, and it is understood that in Paris he will be declared immortal. It is not permitted to Ambassadors to indulge in wit. But of wit, Jusserand is, none the less, a consummate master. In the *New York Times*, William A. Du Puy preserves one gem of the first water. In the capitol there used to be a statue of George Washington, clad lightly in a Roman toga and pointing

the finger to the sky. One day, Jusserand, with some friends, were looking at this triumph of the sculptor's art.

"What"—asked someone—"do you suppose he is saying, with his finger so impressively raised?"

"I know," answered Ambassador Jusserand. "He is saying 'my soul is in Heaven and my clothes are in the National Museum.'"

As a repartee, it was perfection. And Mr. Du Puy also reminds us of the various adventures into which Ambassador Jusserand was plunged by the unconventionalities of Washington. On one occasion, Pete, the White House dog, drove him up a tree; and on another, the President, Secretary Hitchcock, of the Department of the Interior and Jusserand hired a boatman to row them to an island in the Potomac, only to discover that, between them, they did not have fifty cents with which to pay their Charon. That perhaps may be described as the origin of Inter-Allied Indebtedness!

## Robert J. Cuddihy

### *The Man Behind the Greatest Straw Vote on Record*

**W**ILL ROGERS put it this way: "An election was held to-day. Nobody knows why. It cost millions of dollars. And it was useless, because the *Literary Digest* had just held it!"

It would have been a trifle more accurate to say—"because Robert J. Cuddihy had just held it," Cuddihy being the name of the human personality chiefly in control of the publishing house which produces the *Digest*. He is the man behind the greatest straw vote on record.

From the *Digest* office, early in October, 15,000,000 ballots were mailed. The returns, when tabulated, showed 379 electoral votes for Coolidge. That was exactly the number the actual election had given him—up to the time we go to press. The poll appears to have been almost 100 per cent. accurate.

Mr. Cuddihy got out his poll weeks ahead of the election, when there was grave uneasiness as to the outcome. He published each week the returns as fast as they came in, and it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of this pre-election picture of the country's state of mind in stabilizing business. Never has a Presidential year passed with so little disturbance to the delicate adjustments of finance and industry. The poll cost the magazine about half a million dollars. It was a contribution towards the improvement of business conditions throughout the country. Incidentally, it was one of the best publishing stunts in years.

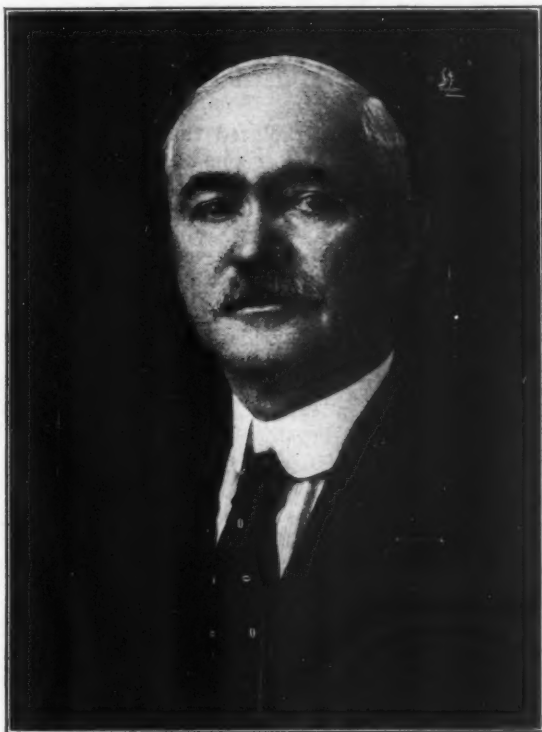
Forty-five years ago Robert J. Cuddihy, a New Yorker born and bred, became an office boy for the firm of Funk and Wagnalls, publishers of the *Digest*.

And now for many years he has been the dominant member of the firm. Beyond the fact that he is a devoted family man, resolutely opposed to personal publicity, little or nothing is known about him in the way of intimate personal gossip. He talks business, but he refrains from discussing himself or his record of achievement. He has shunned publicity for himself as sedulously as most men seek it. He is one of the foremost publishers and publicists in the United States, and nine men out of ten are entirely unfamiliar with his name.

Yet, through his magazine and by personal solicitation, he collected millions of dollars for the Belgian children during the war, and was decorated by the French and Belgian Governments. Following the Armistice he contributed similar distinguished service in connection with the Near East Relief.

Now he has most effectively used the United States mails to forecast the election of a President. Week by week as he published the returns from the great straw ballot, his magazine was violently attacked, but when the election finally came, it vindicated his poll completely.

No wonder people are asking with Will Rogers: Why should the country stand the enormous expense of a quadrennial election when Robert Cuddihy will hold it for them weeks ahead of time, quietly, expeditiously, without upsetting anybody—and do it for nothing? When, in fact, he seems willing to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars for postage and literature for the privilege



HE IS A PAST MASTER OF THE ART OF POLLING  
STRAW VOTES

Robert J. Cuddihy, publisher of the *Literary Digest*, is no office-seeker, but he should make a great Postmaster-General.

of saving the country trouble and worry and expense?

Credit belongs where credit is due, and CURRENT OPINION takes pleasure in turning the spotlight on Cuddihy for a moment. If a man of his remarkable executive ability could be persuaded to take over the United States Post Office for the term of Mr. Coolidge's Administration the country could look forward confidently to an able and business-like conduct of that troubled department. Certainly Robert J. Cuddihy has shown that he knows how to use the mails. CURRENT OPINION takes the liberty of suggesting his name for Postmaster-General.



# Personal Side of Theodore Roosevelt

## *How a President Looked to His Military Aide*

JOHN MORLEY once declared that the two most amazing things he had seen in America were Niagara Falls and Theodore Roosevelt—both of them types of eternal energy. The saying is worth recalling at a time when "The Letters of Archie Butt" (Doubleday, Page) is arousing widespread interest as the most intimate pen-portrait yet written of "the most dynamic American who ever lived." Major Butt was a Southern Democrat who served as Military Aide to President Roosevelt during the last months of Roosevelt's tenure of office, held the same position under Roosevelt's successor, President Taft, and lost his life in the ill-fated *Titanic* in 1912. He has been commemorated in a fountain in Washington, but finds his truest memorial in the present volume and in an old Negro's characterization of him as he passed on the way to the White House in his dress uniform: "Dere goes de man what's de highest wid de mighty an' de lowest wid de lowly of any man in dis city."

These letters of Major Butt's, which Lawrence F. Abbott in an introduction compares with Boswell's "Life of Johnson," afford unparalleled insight into Roosevelt's mind and character. They are written to Butt's mother and sister-in-law. They tell of Roosevelt's daily habits, of his family life, of his relation to his famous "Tennis Cabinet" and of his entertainment of big-game hunters, diplomats, prize-fighters, philanthropists, historians, magazine editors, political leaders and, indeed, of all sorts and conditions of men. The total effect conveyed is one of almost hypnotic charm combined with almost exhaustless energy.

Of the charm of Roosevelt, Major Butt's own attitude offers convincing testimony. His admiration of his chief underlies everything that he writes. Repeating a remark of Roosevelt's, "No

one could accuse *me* of having a charming personality," he goes on to say:

"And yet that is exactly what he has got—not in the way Mr. Taft has it—it does not deluge you like a huge pan of sweet milk poured over one as does Mr. Taft's smile, but one never gets away from Mr. Roosevelt's personality. It sticks by one, so that when he comes into a room and stands, as he always does for one second before doing something characteristic, he electrifies the company and gives one just that sensation which a pointer does when he first quivers and takes a stand on quail. No matter how worn out and tired one might be, suddenly to see a pointer wheel and come to stand electrifies one instantly as nothing else will do unless it be to see the President enter a room."

Major Butt has much to say of Roosevelt's methods of handling men. He needed instruments, and he knew how to forge the instruments that he needed. When he dealt with his cabinet, we are told, he dealt with each member separately, and often one cabinet member had no idea what was going on in another department until some important change was announced through the press. He somehow knew how to inspire men. His faith in each made of each a man worthy of his confidence and trust.

Like all strong characters, he repelled as well as attracted; and Major Butt conveys, in passage after passage, the President's almost roguish delight in antagonizing Congress (when he thought it was wrong) and in checkmating antagonists. There was a time when he had to handle a problem very similar to that which recently faced the Treasury authorities in connection with the publication of income-tax returns. The way he handled it is told in his own words. He is speaking to Butt and to Assistant Secretary of State Bacon on January 23, 1909:

"Do you know I am glad I learned to play poker when I was young. If you two do not know poker, learn it even if it costs you some money, for it may stand you in good stead some time. The Senate through Clark laid down its hand last night and I am inclined to think my bluff went. However, I am inclined to keep my pistol ready, for sometimes after the cards are on the table the stakes are still in danger.

"I have really had a very disagreeable two days. The Senate called for certain papers in the Bureau of Corporations this week, and on Thursday ordered Herbert Knox Smith to transmit all papers on a certain subject to his office. He came to see me and to tell me that most of the papers were given in a confidential way; that if they were made public no end of trouble would ensue. I ordered Smith to get a decision from the Attorney-General that these papers should not be made public, and yesterday the Committee on Judiciary of the Senate summoned Herbert Knox Smith before it and informed him that if he did not at once transmit these papers the Senate would order his imprisonment at once, or the committee would. As soon as he reported this to me, I ordered him in writing to turn over to me all the papers in the case, so that I could assist the Senate in the prosecution of its investigation.

"I have those papers in my possession, and last night I informed Senator Clark, of the Judiciary Committee, what I had done. I told him also that the Senate should not have those papers and that Herbert Knox Smith had turned them over to me. The only way the Senate or the committee can get those papers now is through my impeachment, and I so informed Senator Clark last night.

"The Senator informed me that the Senate was only anxious to exercise its prerogatives and that if the papers were of such a nature that they should not be made public, the committee was ready to indorse

my views. But, as I say, it is just as well to take no chances with a man like Culberson, who is behind this thing, so I will retain these papers until the 3d of March at least."

Some of the most entertaining portions of Major Butt's narrative deal with Roosevelt's physical feats. He was never happier than when he was practicing tests of endurance and strength. On one occasion he awakened Butt at three o'clock in the morning in order to carry through a horseback ride



to Warrenton, Virginia, and back on the same day—a distance of about one hundred miles. On another occasion he accompanied Butt on a “walk” that almost led to fatal consequences. As we get the story:

“I went walking with the President this afternoon: rather I should say climbing and swimming, for there was far more of that than walking. . . . I had often heard of his walks, and tradition about the White House tells of this or that general or ambassador or cabinet officer who had dropped out and fallen by the way. In fact, the President himself told me that what made him begin to investigate the physical condition of the officers of the army was the fact that General Bliss, General Carter and Colonel Scott and others were unable to keep up with him in walking, and that they showed such evident fatigue and distress as to make them unfit, he feared, for active service in the field. . . .

“We drove from the White House at 4.15 and reached the boulder bridge near the center of the park in less than a half hour. I had on heavy marching shoes, leggings and a flannel shirt. He was dressed in what appeared to me to be a handsome cutaway coat, but wore a campaign hat. . . .

“As we got out of the carriage he dismissed it and told the two detectives who had followed us on wheels not to attempt to follow us, and so we started. We made a circuitous route through the underbrush and at length came out farther up the creek, where there were no paths and few openings to the water and many overhanging cliffs and rocks.

“My chief anxiety was for him. I felt that he had no right to jeopardize his health and life as he was doing. Finally we reached one cliff that went straight up from the water, made a turn, and the ledge he would have to make hung over some nasty and jagged projections, so that if he should fall it might prove most serious to him.

“I watched his ascent, therefore, with alarm. The rocks were slippery, and just as he was on the point of making the highest point, imagine my horror when I saw him lose hold, slip, and go tumbling down. He went feet foremost, fortunately, and he showed great presence of mind by shoving himself away from the rocks as he fell.

“I stood paralyzed with fear . . . I could see what it would mean to have him meet with any accident of this kind. However, he missed all sharp projections and fell straight in the water. It was deep, but it did not go over his head, the water only reaching to his shoulders. With a laugh he clambered to the bank again and started once more. . . .”

Several of the later letters describe preparations for the projected African hunting trip, and tell of the Roosevelt family's last days in the White House. It seems that Roosevelt, who had never worn a dress military uniform in Washington, entertained the idea of ordering the brilliant uniform of a colonel of cavalry (to which he was entitled) and of wearing it at social functions on his emergence from the dark continent. But Mrs. Roosevelt objected to this. “I would never,” she said, “wear a uniform that I had not worn in the service, and if you insist upon doing this, I will have a *vivandière's* costume made and follow you throughout Europe.” Her counsel prevailed.

There was also a discussion regarding visiting cards, and in this connection the President refused to follow his wife's advice. It was her idea that, when he left the White House, he should have “Mr. Theodore Roosevelt” engraved on his cards, like any other gentleman in private life. But Archie Butt abetted the retiring President in favoring the simpler inscription, “Theodore Roosevelt,” as more distinctive.

The African trip appealed particularly to Roosevelt because, as he felt, it gave Mr. Taft, his successor, a chance to stand on his own feet. “It will let me down,” he is quoted as saying, “without that dull thud of which we hear so much. I will be away from it all, and by the time I come back it may be that I will have been sufficiently forgotten to be able to travel without being photographed.” It was to be his “last fling,” he thought; but, as everyone knows, it was not. There could be no “last fling” for Theodore Roosevelt as long as he lived. He was always planning something new.

# Stevenson Unwhitewashed

*Was His Story of Jekyll and Hyde Enacted in Real Life?*

THE unveiling of a memorial plaque on the house near Hyères, France, in which Robert Louis Stevenson lived in 1883-1884, and the announcement from Scotland that a film of his "Edinburgh Days" has just been completed, bear vivid testimony to the permanence of his fame, and lend special interest to a somewhat sensational "critical biography"\* by J. A. Steuart which has just appeared. For thirty years the idea of Stevenson as a man of almost austere pure and noble character has been accepted by thousands of his readers. This idea was fostered in the authorized Life by his cousin Sir Graham Balfour, and is felt to be in harmony with his published writings and with much of his life as we know it, and yet it was never accepted by his friend the poet William Ernest Henley, and has always been, to a certain extent, under fire. Now comes Mr. Steuart, in the new biography, to tell us the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. It is "a quite first-rate biography," according to a critic in the *Manchester Guardian*; but nobody, the same critic warns, who wants a feast of scandalous revelations should buy the book, for Mr. Steuart is not out to trade on that appetite. "He does the job of an honest biographer in a decent, mannerly way."

The new evidence is based on autobiographical documents bought in a New York sales-room by George S. Hellman, and published in part by the Bibliophile Society of Boston. It seems that these documents, containing unedifying disclosures, became the property of Stevenson's widow, and at her death passed into the hands of her daughter, Mrs. Isobel Strong. Mr. Hellman has told a part of the story in an article published in the *Century Magazine* in December, 1922.

\* ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By J. A. Steuart. Little, Brown.

The upshot of all is that Stevenson, in his youth, went "clean off the rails" in the ways most common to dissolute youth in all ages. He was wont to resort to various Edinburgh haunts of a far from reputable kind, and to meet, in company with the "young bloods" of the city, women of pleasure, painted hussies, who gave cheap kisses and batted on the careless generosity of their playmates. One of these women, whom he called "Claire," has been identified. He even proposed to marry her, but he had no money and his father at the time was refusing to have anything to do with him.

There is also a story that Stevenson became obsessed by the idea of Robert Fergusson, a luckless poet of low life who, in Burns' time, had drunk himself to death at the age of twenty-three. Like an actor, the young Stevenson seemed to see himself in this part. "By some mental twist, some secret effluence of sympathy and admiration," as Mr. Steuart puts it, "Stevenson believed himself to be a reincarnation of Fergusson." So nothing would do but to go off and act this melodramatic rôle in Edinburgh taverns and brothels.

All this is bound to alter our estimate of Stevenson, and evokes from the *Guardian* writer already quoted the comment: "No doubt the new evidence shows that the real Stevenson was not the fluent composer of sonorous family prayers that we know, nor the impassioned observer of whaups flying and crying above the graves of the martyrs, nor the mellowly fatherly discourser 'Virginibus puerisque,' nor the Solomon Eagle who cried woe to Burns for wasting himself on debauchery." But perhaps, the writer notes, the Stevenson of the sensual sty was not the real Stevenson either.

If the new biography, W. L. Courtney adds in the London *Daily Telegraph*, has substituted a wilful young Bo-



hemian for the "plaster saint" of the injudicious admirer, we must remember that at all events the aberrations chronicled were for the most part confined within definite limits in his career, and are only known to us by reason of his own confessions. Mr. Courtney continues:

"Probably in writing about 'himself when young,' he did not spare himself, and it is possible that he might have exaggerated his own weakness. But nothing can degrade the image of sweetness and charm which his true friends found in a personality that had its darker shadows, but was for the most part irradiated with sunshine. Leslie Stephen, who did not like him at first, nevertheless brought him several opportunities as a literary critic and storyteller. W. E. Henley, who was brutally frank in his judgments, was a devoted friend in spite of certain serious disagreements, especially about writing for the stage: Sir Sidney Colvin, Lady Colvin, Fleeming Jenkin, and a few others were staunch supporters and allies. Andrew Lang, too, who started with some erroneous impressions, soon discovered how much sympathetic kinship existed between himself and his brother poet."

In an effort to disengage the "real" from the legendary Stevenson, Henry L. Mencken, in the *American Mercury*, expresses surprise that no Freudian has as yet been tempted to write a full-length study in view of the fact that "Stevenson was surely one of the most beautiful masses of complexes ever encountered on this earth." He proceeds:

"His whole life was a series of flights from reality—first from Presbyterianism, then from the sordid mountebankery of the law, and then from the shackles of his own wrecked and tortured body. He fled in the spirit to the Paris of Charles VII. as he fled in the flesh to the rustic Bohemia at Barbizon; later on he fled in both garbs to the South Seas. Doomed to spend half his life in bed, beset endlessly by pain, brought often to death's door by hemorrhages, and sometimes forbidden for days on end to work or even to speak, he found release and consolation in gaudy visions of gallant encounters, sinister crimes, and heroic loves. He was the plow-boy dream-

ing in the hay-loft, the flapper tossing on her finishing-school bed. It was at once a grotesque tragedy and a pathetic farce, but it wrung out of him the best that was in him. What man ever paid more bitterly for the inestimable privilege of work? Stevenson, alas, wrote a great deal of third-rate stuff; even his most doting admirers must find it hard to read, for example, some of his essays. But out of his agony came also 'A Lodging for the Night,' 'The Sire de Malétoit's Door,' 'Will o' the Mill,' and 'Treasure Island,' and if they do not belong absolutely in the first rank, then certainly they go high in the second. Every one of them represents an attempt to escape the world of reality by launching into a world of compensatory fancy. In each of them the invalid buckles on an imaginary sword and challenges a very real enemy."

Stevenson's weakness as an imaginative author, in Mr. Mencken's view, lies in the fact that he never got beyond the simple revolt of boyhood—that his intellect never developed to match his imagination. "The result is that an air of triviality hangs about all his work and even at times, an air of trashiness." Mr. Mencken concludes:

"He is never very searching, never genuinely profound. More than any other man, perhaps, he was responsible for the revival of the romantic novel in the last years of the Nineteenth Century, and more than any other salient man of his time he was followed by shallow and shoddy disciples. These disciples, indeed, soon reduced his formula to absurdity. The appearance of Joseph Conrad, a year after his death, disposed of all his full-length romances save 'Treasure Island,' and that survived only as a story for boys. Put beside such things as 'An Outcast of the Islands' and 'Lord Jim,' even the best of Stevenson began to appear superficial and obvious. It was diverting and often it was highly artful, but it was hollow; there was nothing in it save the story. Once more Beethoven drove out Haydn. Or, perhaps more accurately, Wagner drove out Rossini. It is very difficult, after 'Heart of Darkness,' to get through 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' The essays have gone the same way. They have external elegance, but their ideas are seldom notable either for vigor or for originality."



# Lafcadio Hearn's Enduring Fame

*New Light on the Life and Work of a Great Romanticist*

THE prediction of Edmund Clarence Stedman that "Lafcadio Hearn will in time be as much of a romantic personality and tradition as Poe now is" finds answering vibrations in a score of books and articles that have lately appeared in celebration of a man whose very name may be said to convey a kind of enchantment. This literary son of an Irish father and a Greek mother, who first saw the light in Leucadia, one of the Ionian isles, who lived in America and died in Japan, is already represented by a splendid edition\* of his collected writings, and is ranked by critics with the great *prosa-teurs* of the English tongue—with Walter Pater, Thomas De Quincey and Sir Thomas Browne. "The fame of Hearn," as one of his ablest interpreters, Michael Monahan, puts it in *All's Well* (Fayetteville, Arkansas), "is both rising and spreading; the best of his books have been translated into the principal European languages; he seems thus early to be ranked among the world's classics."

Mr. Monahan's remarks are part of an article occasioned by the death, as a result of the recent earthquake in Japan, of Lafcadio Hearn's literary executor, Captain Mitchell McDonald. We learn from this article that Captain McDonald, who served in the United States Navy as Paymaster and became the principal owner of the Grand Hotel at Yokohama, befriended Hearn a quarter of a century ago, and after Hearn's death so wisely managed his estate that it is now adequate to support the writer's family (living in Japan) in comfort. Mr. Monahan regards the relation of McDonald to Hearn as a golden page in the history



A STARVELING GENIUS WHO CONQUERED THE WORLD

Lafcadio Hearn, who is shown here in a drawing by Edward Laroque Tinker, was buffeted in Europe and America before he was called to the Far East and the making of a deathless name.

of friendship. He records the fact that once, when mention of Hearn's ocular deformity was made in the Captain's presence, the latter said simply: "He seemed always beautiful to me!"

This tribute of Mr. Monahan's is supplemented by a new biographical memoir, "Lafcadio Hearn's American Days" (Dodd, Mead), by Edward Laroque Tinker, and by a two-volume work, "An American Miscellany" (also published by Dodd, Mead), in which Albert Mordell has gathered some forty papers written by Hearn, between 1874 and 1890, for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the Cincinnati *Commercial*, the New Orleans *Item*, the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, and other papers. The Hearn represented here is the very embodiment of the starveling genius. For a year and a half, it seems, he was a boarding-house servant, lighting fires and shoveling coal for food and the

\* THE WRITINGS OF LAFCADIO HEARN. Sixteen volumes. Houghton Mifflin.

privilege of sleeping on the floors of a smoking-room. Mr. Mordell speaks of Hearn's "cohabitation or common-law marriage (possibly legal marriage) with a young and pretty mulatto, Althea Foley," and goes on to say:

"There was nothing sordid about this relation. It lasted for a number of years. Mrs. Wetmore [Hearn's biographer and literary associate] gives the facts very briefly in the preface of her 'Japanese Letters.' I met Mrs. Foley's son by a former connection, W. L. Anderson, a highly intelligent quadroon, a printer of Cincinnati. As a boy, he remembered Hearn. He told me Hearn was a waiter in a boarding-house kept by a Miss Haslam at 215 Plum Street, where his own mother, Althea Foley, was a cook. . . . That Hearn loved the girl for at least several years, there was no doubt. . . . Hearn's conduct toward her was called by Mrs. Wetmore 'a pathetic, high-minded piece of quixotism,' and she adds: 'Would that no man had ever been less tender and honest with more of the African race.'"

One of the earliest of Hearn's contributions to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the so-called "tan-yard murder story," is a reportorial classic. It appears in the "American Miscellany" side by side with a mock-heroic novelette entitled "Giglampz" and a fantasy listed as "Valentine Vagaries." Mr. Mordell refers to the word "ghostly" as one of Lafcadio Hearn's favorites, and says that he has been able to identify any number of anonymous articles by reason of the fact that they have been spotted with epithets of the Hearnian dialect, such as "spectral," "arabesque," "elfin," "ghoulish," "bizarre," etc., etc. "One or more of these words," he continues, "appearing once or more in a newspaper article that deals with the gruesome, the lowly, the cadaverous, the fanciful, is almost a sure indication of his authorship. When the article, in addition, mentions a favorite author like Lytton or Reade, or a favorite artist like Doré or John Martin, we may feel as if Hearn had signed the article with his name."

It is possible to trace in these articles a certain development in the mind of Hearn. At the outset we get an intense visual reaction to the abnormalities of

existence. But as time goes on we find him thinking more of the immaterial side of life. Descriptions of criminals, of slaughter-houses, of fertilizing plants are followed by psychic analyses in which Hearn discourses upon "face studies" and the unconscious mind. He was strongly inclined, during this period, to accept the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and, like Nietzsche, he played with the idea of eternal recurrence.

What is very odd, Mr. Mordell thinks, is that Hearn rarely referred to his daily newspaper articles after he went to Japan. This fact is attributed to Hearn's innate modesty and to the intensity with which he identified himself with each successive literary mood. Mr. Mordell sums up his account of Hearn as a journalist:

"Though Hearn hated newspaper work, he was in a sense always a newspaper man. He was a reporter and an editorial writer his whole life. In the Japanese period he was practically doing what he did on the newspapers. As a newspaper man he went about and chose his subjects and wrote down his remarkable observations with an imaginative accuracy that is almost miraculous for a blind man. This is what he did in Japan. In Cincinnati and New Orleans he made researches in all sorts of queer lore, accumulating interesting facts from books, and enlivening them with his shrewd comments. His newspaper articles were not less scholarly than his Japanese books. Just as he later studied the Japanese, so he studied the life of the negroes and poor in Cincinnati, or the Creoles and various Oriental races in and about New Orleans.

"In no writer is the saying better expressed than in Hearn—'The child is the father of the man.' In his newspaper writings you will find his later interests in insects, birds, flowers, names, cemeteries, ghosts, his favorite ideas about popular superstitions, inherited memory, eternal recurrence, the curse of our mechanical civilization.

"Yet there were practically no newspaper articles ever written in America as a daily task that had less of the journalistic about them than these, for Hearn's subjects were of permanent interest, and his treatment was always artistic; and the writer was a genius."



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THE OLDEST LIVING MONARCH TO VISIT AMERICA

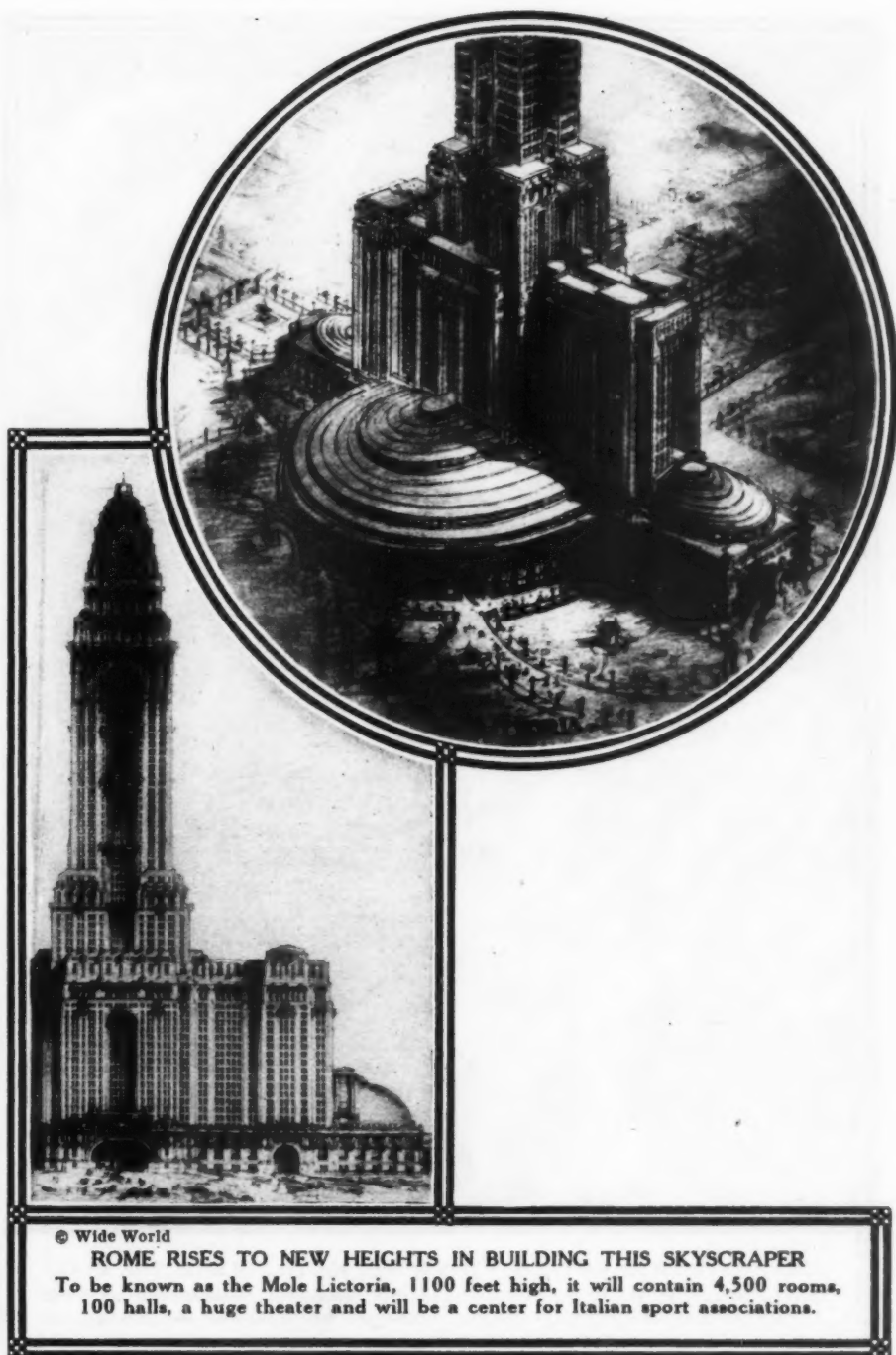
King Sisowatti of Cambodia, at 92, is starting from his Asiatic kingdom, of 46,000 square miles and 2,000,000 population, on a trip around the world.



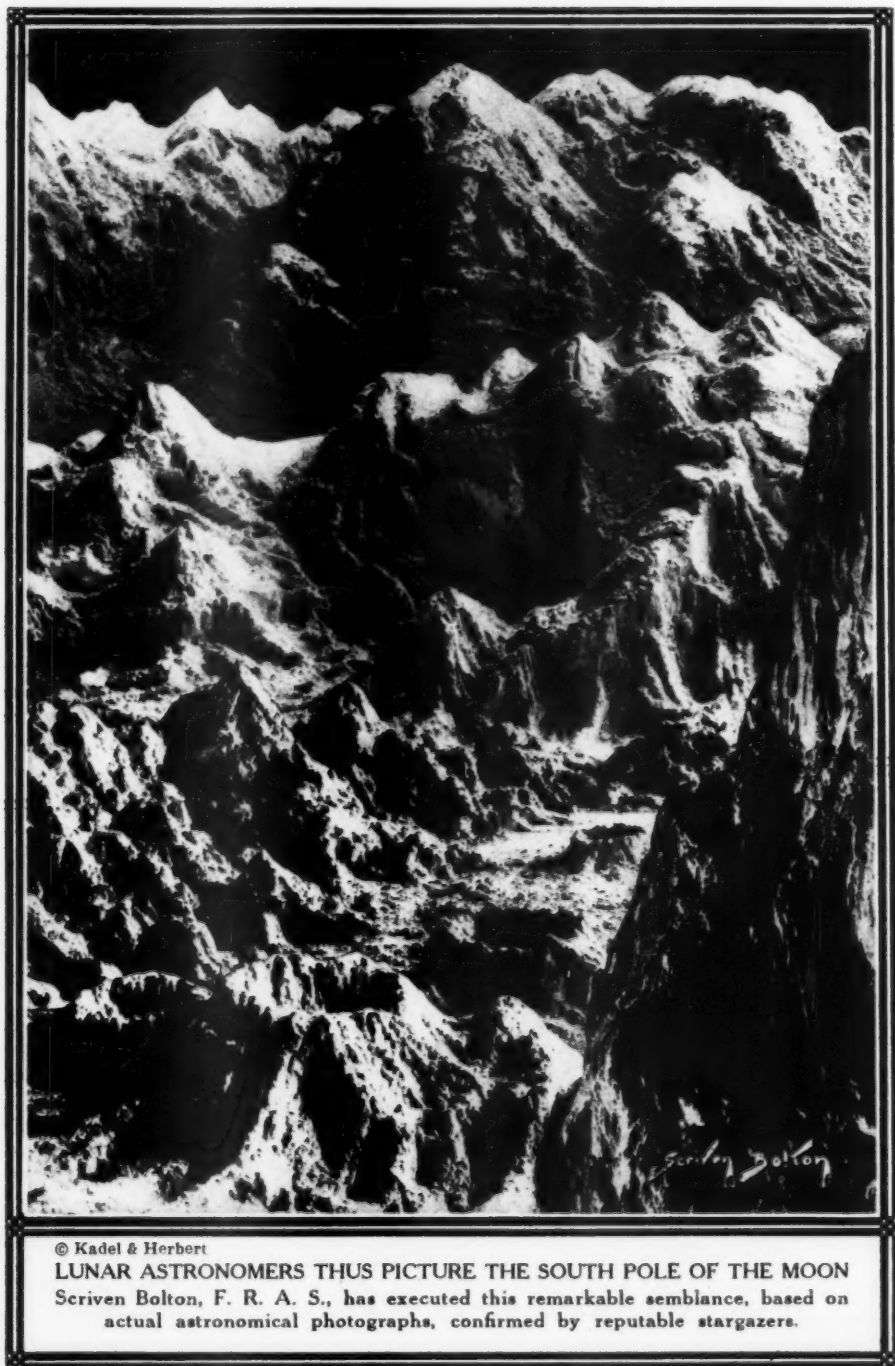
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TIME DEALS LIGHTLY WITH GETHSEMANE AND THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

Showing the Garden of Gethsemane, in the valley of Jehosaphat, and the Mount of Olives, with few exceptions, as they look to-day, almost as they did when Jesus went to the Cross.

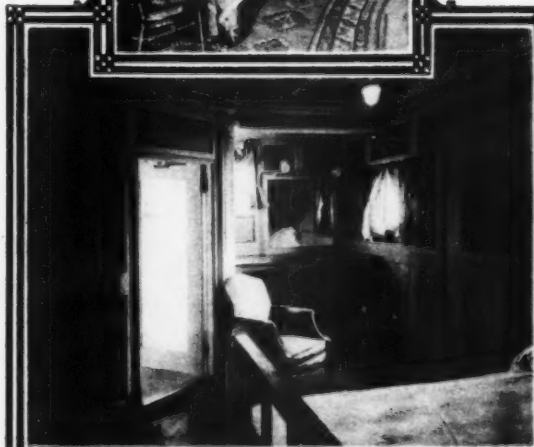
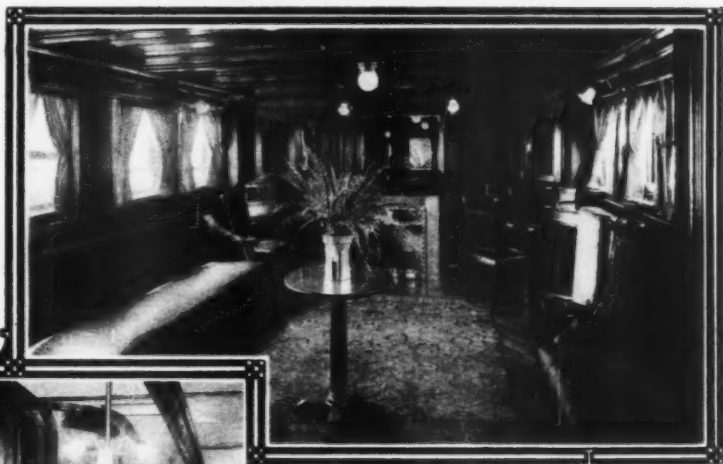






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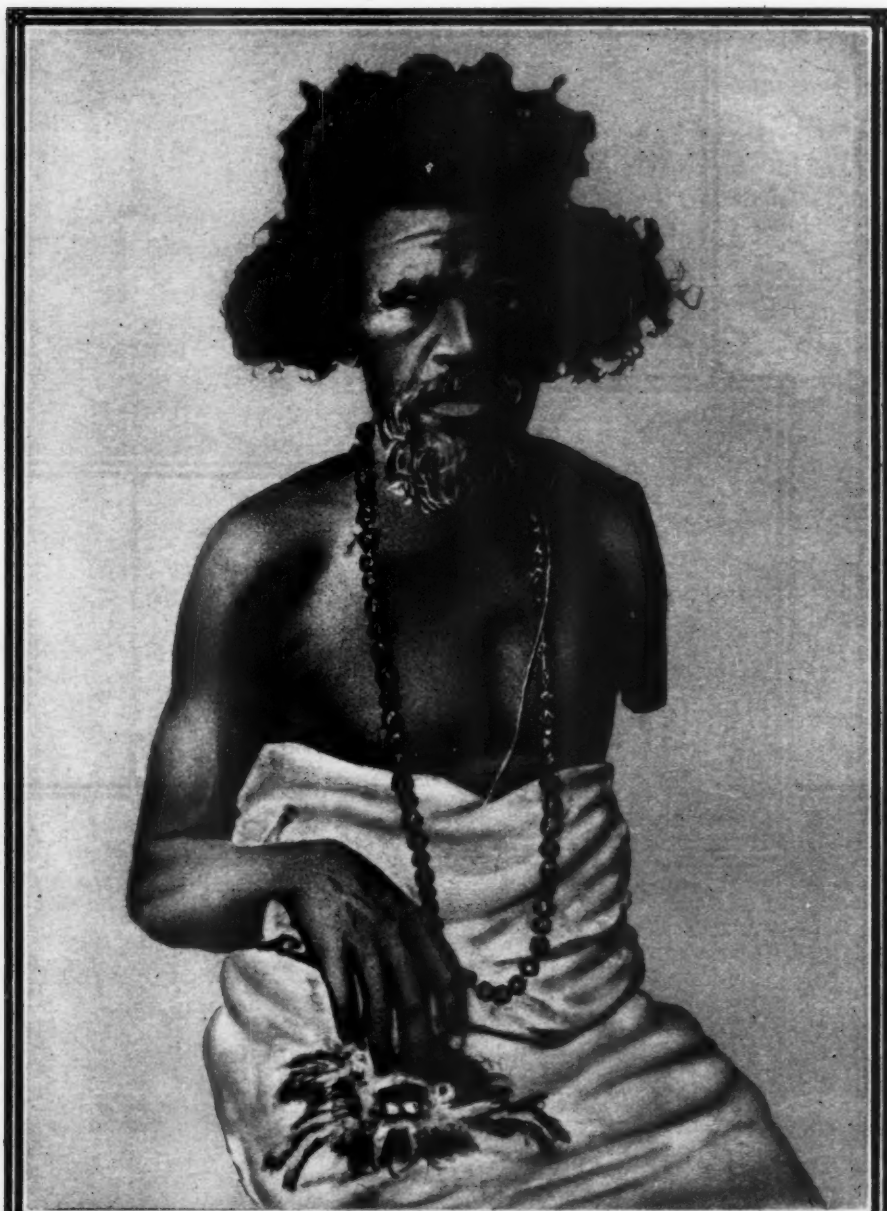
LUNAR ASTRONOMERS THUS PICTURE THE SOUTH POLE OF THE MOON  
Scriven Bolton, F. R. A. S., has executed this remarkable semblance, based on  
actual astronomical photographs, confirmed by reputable stargazers.



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### THE FLOATING MANSION OF THE PRESIDENT

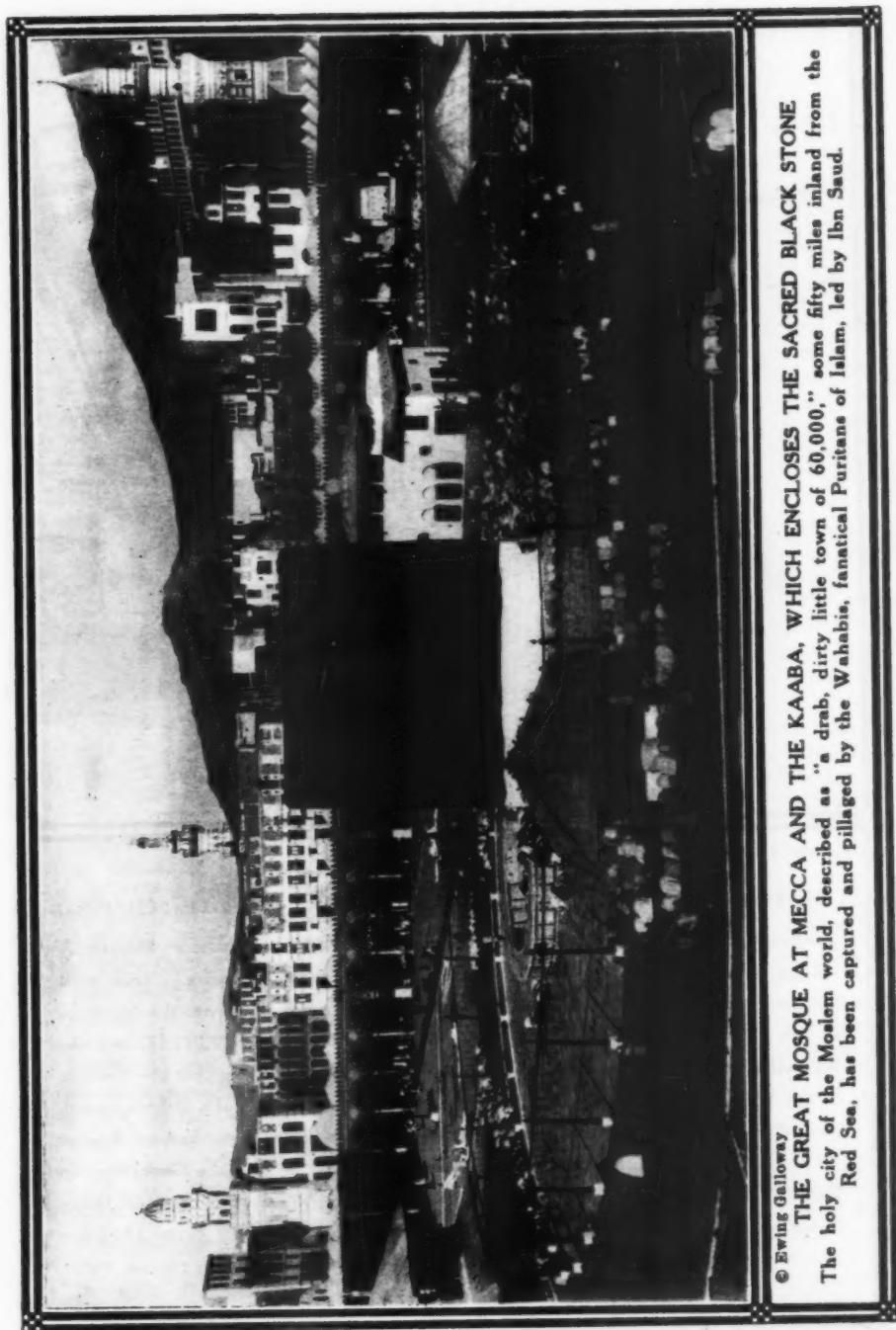
Showing the Library, Smoking Room and Bedroom occupied by the Chief Executive on the famous yacht which the Government maintains for its Presidents.



© P. & A.

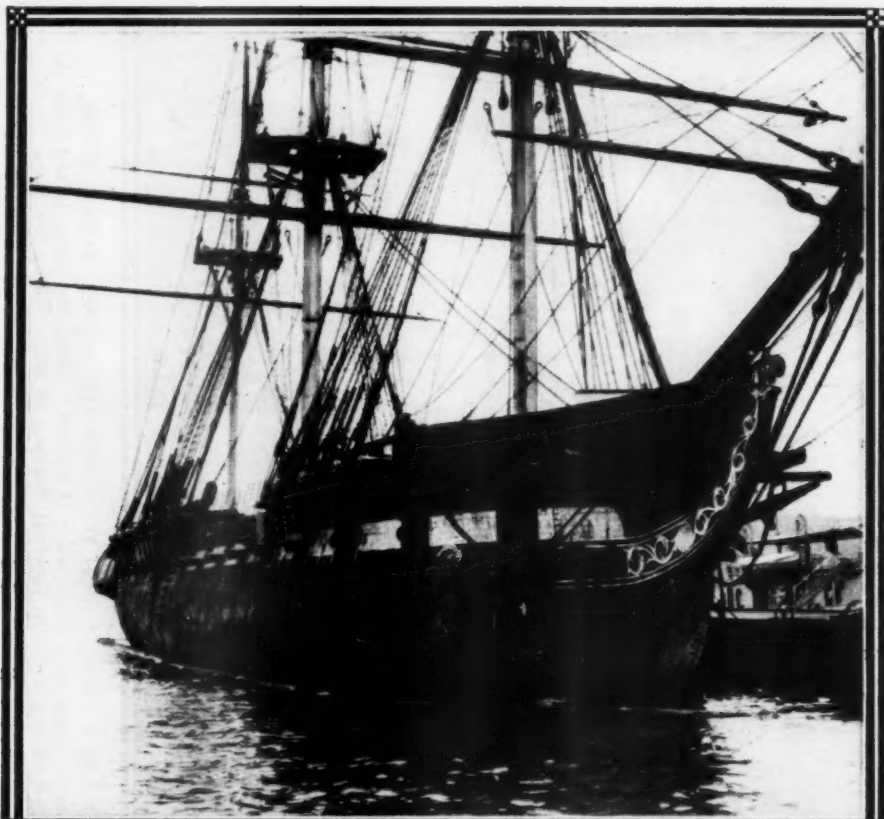
KIPLING SANG OF THIS SUDAN CHIEFTAIN AS "FUZZY WUZZY"

Osman Digna, once a Dervish "terror" to British soldiery, freed after 22 years in jail, is, at 92, making the pilgrimage to Mecca from Wadi Halfa.



© Ewing Galloway

THE GREAT MOSQUE AT MECCA AND THE KAABA, WHICH ENCLOSES THE SACRED BLACK STONE. The holy city of the Moslem world, described as "a drab, dirty little town of 60,000," some fifty miles inland from the Red Sea, has been captured and pillaged by the Wahabis, fanatical Puritans of Islam, led by Ibn Saud.



© Wide World

**THE FRIGATE CONSTITUTION, "OLD IRONSIDES," IS TO BE SCRAPPED**

Congress writes what promises to be the final chapter of her valiant history by failing to pass a bill appropriating \$400,000 for needed repairs. This most famous vessel in the United States Navy derived her nickname from the hardness of her planking and timbers. She was launched on October 21, 1797, and the following year put to sea under Captain Nicholson for service against the French. In the War of 1812, in command of Isaac Hull she escaped from a British squadron off the New Jersey coast, after a spirited chase of three days, and on August 19 of that year, off Cape Race, fought her historic battle with the *Guerrière*, an English frigate which was left a total wreck after an engagement of thirty minutes, the English losing 79 of their crew, the Americans 14. Since 1855 she has been used occasionally as a training ship.



# "The Greatest of Literary Pagans"

## Anatole France's Growing Influence in America

THE recent death of Anatole France may be said to mark not only the passing of an Olympian figure in the Old World, but also the growth of a new spirit in America. There is something not only impressive, but actually amazing, in the kind and volume of comment inspired in our press by the memory of the man whom A. B. Walkley has lately described in the *London Times* as "the greatest of literary pagans." Newspapers have vied with reviews and magazines in paying tribute to the French "master" and in presenting elaborate accounts of his life and work. From the reading of these one might easily gain the impression that Anatole France had long been widely circulated and read here.

As a matter of fact, a few years ago the name of Anatole France was almost unknown in the United States. His books were difficult to obtain, and were not viewed sympathetically. It was not until his writings had become more accessible to English-speaking readers in the handsome John Lane edition (now taken over by Dodd, Mead) and in cheaper editions that he began to arouse widespread and appreciative interest. This interest was nourished by the fact that in 1921 he won the Nobel Prize. It increased at the time of the celebration of his eightieth birthday last May, and has culminated in the new comment evoked by his death.

In an editorial in the *London Saturday Review*, Anatole France is presented as a writer "somewhat resembling" Mr. Dooley. By another critic he has been compared with Mark Twain. But it is safe to say that American literature has not as yet produced any writer even remotely resembling Anatole France. He has been so contradictorily described by so many writers as "essentially a stylist," "essentially a critic," "essentially a philosopher," "essentially a Socialist," etc., etc., that

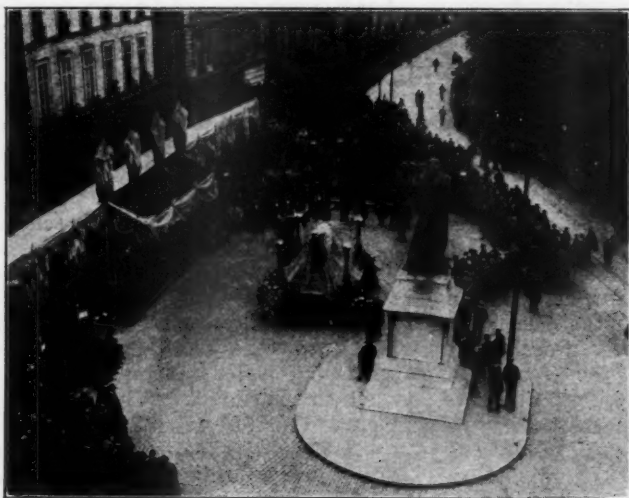
one can only come to the conclusion that he is, in a very real sense, universal.

The first of his novels, "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," was published in 1881, and dealt with a gentle scholar. It shows how much pleasure we can get out of our minds. "Thaïs" (1891), "At the Sign of the Reine Pedauque" (1893) and "The Red Lily" (1894) are frankly erotic and lead from a charming Epicureanism to one that is not so charming. "The Garden of Epicurus" (1893) is well described as "a breviary of skepticism"; while in "The White Stone" (1905), "Penguin Island" (1909) and "The Gods Are Athirst" (1912) we can trace the author's development from social faith to complete Nihilism.

The prevailing spirit in all the writing of Anatole France is described by his latest biographer,\* James Lewis May, as "indulgent pity for the follies and weaknesses of men, a poignant consciousness of the frailty and evanescence of earthly things, a profound sense of the vanity of human endeavor, of the obscurity of man's destiny, of the *lacrimae rerum*, the pathos of life," yet surely must consist of something more positive than that. Anatole France, as Stuart P. Sherman, editor of the Sunday book section of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, remarks, is inexhaustibly seductive and appeals to us not only because he is a master of pathos, but also because he is a master of style and because he has a unique culture and point of view. Of his style Mr. Sherman writes:

"Paragraph by paragraph, as every reader knows, it is the most perfect speech uttered in our time. Any admirer who wishes to defend the thesis that Anatole France is, after all, not a skeptic, but a believer in the divine order, should rest his case upon the Parthenaic March of

\* ANATOLE FRANCE, THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By James Lewis May. Dodd, Mead.



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#### THE FUNERAL OF ANATOLE FRANCE

In front of his birthplace on the Quai Malaquais in Paris, at the foot of the statue of Voltaire, can be seen the catafalque on which rested the mortal remains of the dean of European letters. The funeral ceremonies were conducted by the Government, and thousands of people lined the streets all the way to the cemetery at Neuilly.

his sentences, lightly bearing the culture of 4,000 years to a democratic world, in triumphant refutation of the notion that a great writer cannot hope to reach more than a small coterie of the elect."

Of the culture and point of view of Anatole France, Mr. Sherman goes on to say:

"One escapes in his books from the shallow and savorless modernity of contemporary literature. He is a cosmopolitan not merely of the present year of grace; he was a citizen of the world before the Christian era. A leisurely aristocrat, polished, imperturbable, he has strolled with ironic smile among the neglected ruins of antiquity, and has reanimated their fallen splendor. He has walked under the plane trees without the city wall conversing with Socrates and the Sophists on the reality of our ideas. He has discussed Greek philosophy in the Tusculan villa with Cicero, has sauntered over the Aventine chatting with Horace, and has listened with bowed head while Virgil read to the grief-stricken house-

hold his divine praise of the young Marcellus. He observed the strange star in the East, heard the stories of Lazarus and Magdalen, and dined with Pilate, Procurator of Judæa. In the Egyptian desert he occupied a cell with Christian cenobites, in Alexandria he tasted the last luxuries of the pagan world. He caught from the catacombs the fervent murmur of prayer and the mysterious hymns of the martyrs. He has seen with a regretful smile nymphs and dryads and fauns at twilight scurrying through country woodlands in terror of the cathedral bell. A lover of masquerade, he has crept into the cassock of medieval monks and gravely announced the performance of miracles, and has discoursed upon the lusts of the flesh and the pride of life, and has whiled away long hours on a settle in the cloister, splitting theological hairs with the Fathers. Especially he has haunted the steps of the Brides of Christ, irresistibly drawn by the allurements of their celestial roses, hoping, perhaps, to catch a drop of the spilled milk of Paradise.

"And all this he has told, not as one passing through successive stages of intellectual intoxication, but as one sitting at ease and leaning indolently out from a casement in Elysium. . . ."

Mr. Sherman remarks that "English-speaking people hardly know how to resist the seduction of this luminous style, this multi-colored culture, this Olympian point of view. In the United States Christian idealism, inculcating self-abnegation, duty, labor, spirituality, has seldom faced a really seductive

adversary. When our traditional Puritanism has been assailed effectively, it has been challenged for the most part in behalf of a higher form of Puritanism." But just because of this fact it may be desirable that the pagan and hedonist attitudes should be stated at their strongest, in order that we may see them clearly, grasp their significance and know what to do with them.

It may also be desirable, for the same reason, that the pessimist attitude should be strongly presented. In connection with the statements of certain American critics that the philosophy of Anatole France is not only pessimistic, but decadent, Llewellyn Jones, editor of the *Literary Review* of the Chicago *Evening Post*, declares:

"It is a curious thing how pessimists—for theoretically, it would doubtless be correct to put Anatole France as a philosopher in the camp of the disillusioned—seem to achieve spiritual success in life. It would almost seem as if one could personify Life as a woman of a certain capricious and yet consistent temperament: the woman who honors those who find her out and do not take her seriously, and who kills those who trust in her. Perhaps there is no philosopher who has made more grandiose claims for Life than Nietzsche. He hymned her eternal recurrence and her perpetual progress—and Life drove him insane. And there are lesser examples. On the other hand, Anatole France treated Life as a jade who could not be trusted, and she showered success on him. Thomas Hardy has preached funeral sermons for all the gods, has underlined every injustice and every satire and every cruelty that is inherent in Life, and Life has given

him too every gift. George Santayana, and Bertrand Russell both tell us that we cannot live until we have settled our account with despair; both deny transcendence, immortality, eternal justice, and each has built for himself a very habitable spiritual mansion, with lots of interesting things going on all the time.

"And there may be room, even in the philosophies of the optimists, for these insights of the disillusioned. For while optimism that springs only from the fountain pen of comfortable writers will get us nowhere, no less a Christian philosopher than Dr. L. P. Jacks has given us an optimistic interpretation of pessimism. Let us, he says, know the worst in order that we may do the best. An idea which would have appealed to the philosopher, the artist, and the Socialist in Anatole France."



#### HE IS INEXHAUSTIBLY SEDUCTIVE

Anatole France, who is shown here in a pencil-drawing reproduced from *L'Illustration*, has won his unique place in contemporary literature because he is a master of style and also because he has a unique culture and point of view.



"It only needs one more Garrideb—and surely we can find one."

## The Adventures of the Three Garridebs

A New Sherlock Holmes Story

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

**I**T may have been a comedy or it may have been a tragedy. It cost one man his reason, it cost me a bloodletting, and it cost yet another man the penalties of the law. Yet there was certainly an element of comedy. . . . Well, you shall judge for yourselves.

I remember the date very well, for it was in the same month that Holmes refused a knighthood for services which may perhaps some day be described. I only refer to the matter in passing, for in

my position of partner and confidant I am obliged to be particularly careful to avoid any indiscretion. I repeat, however, that this enables me to fix the date, which was the latter end of June, 1902, shortly after the conclusion of the South African War. Holmes had spent several days in bed, as was his habit from time to time, but he emerged that morning with a long foolscap document in his hand and a twinkle of amusement in his austere gray eyes.

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"There is a chance for you to make some money, Watson," said he. "Have you ever heard the name of Garrideb?"

I admitted that I had not.

"Well, if you can lay your hand upon a Garrideb, there's money in it."

"Why?"

"Ah, that's a long story—rather a whimsical one too. I don't think in all our explorations of human complexities we have ever come upon anything more singular. The fellow will be here presently for cross-examination, so I won't open the matter up till he comes. But meanwhile that's the name we want."

The telephone directory lay on the table beside me, and I turned over the pages in a rather hopeless quest. But to my amazement there was this strange name in its due place. I gave a cry of triumph.

"Here you are, Holmes! Here it is!"

Holmes took the book from my hands.

"Garrideb, N.," he read, "136 Little Ryder Street, W. Sorry to disappoint you, Watson, but this is the man himself. That is the address upon his letter. We want another to match him."

Mrs. Hudson had come in with a card on a tray. I took it up and glanced at it.

"Why, here it is!" I cried in amazement. "This is a different initial. John Garrideb, Counselor at Law, Moorville, Kansas, U. S. A."

HOLMES smiled as he looked at the card. "I'm afraid you must make yet another effort, Watson," said he. "This gentleman is also in the plot already, though I certainly did not expect to see him this morning. However, he is in a position to tell us a good deal which I want to know."

A moment later he was in the room.

Mr. John Garrideb, counselor at law, was a short, powerful man with the round, fresh, clean-shaven face characteristic of so many American men of affairs. The general effect was chubby and rather childlike, so that one received the impression of quite a young man with a broad set smile upon his face. His eyes, however, were

arresting. Seldom in any human head have I seen a pair which bespoke a more intense inward life, so bright were they, so alert, so responsive to every change of thought. His accent was American, but was not accompanied by any eccentricity of speech.

"Mr. Holmes?" he asked, glancing from one to the other. "Ah, yes. Your pictures are not unlike you, sir, if I may say so. I believe you have had a letter from my namesake, Mr. Nathan Garrideb, have you not?"

"Pray sit down," said Sherlock Holmes. "We shall, I fancy, have a good deal to discuss." He took up his sheets of foolscap. "You are, of course, the Mr. John Garrideb mentioned in this document. But surely you have been in England some time?"

"Why do you say that, Mr. Holmes?" I seemed to read sudden suspicion in those expressive eyes.

"Your whole outfit is English."

MR. GARRIDEB forced a laugh. "I've read of your tricks, Mr. Holmes, but I never thought I would be the subject of them. Where do you read that?"

"The shoulder cut of your coat, the toes of your boots—could anyone doubt it?"

"Well, well, I had no idea I was so obvious a Britisher. But business brought me over here some time ago, and so, as you say, my outfit is nearly all London. However, I guess your time is of value and we did not meet to talk about the cut of my socks. What about getting down to that paper you hold in your hand?"

Holmes had in some way ruffled our visitor, whose chubby face had assumed a far less amiable expression.

"Patience, patience, Mr. Garrideb!" said my friend in a soothing voice. "Dr. Watson would tell you that these little digressions of mine sometimes prove in the end to have some bearing on the matter. But why did Mr. Nathan Garrideb not come with you?"

"Why did he ever drag you into it at all?" asked

CONAN DOYLE is not only a master story teller, but a literary miracle worker of no mean power, considering his ability to bury and resurrect Sherlock Holmes at his will and pleasure. Sir Arthur this time has chosen Collier's Weekly as the medium in which to record the exploits of the inimitable detective and his famous satellite, Dr. Watson; and the fact that the versatile State of Kansas is given prominence in this tale heightens its interest to American readers. The author cables special permission to Current Opinion to reprint the story from Collier's.



our visitor, with a sudden outflame of anger. "What in thunder had you to do with it? Here was a bit of professional business between two gentlemen, and one of them must needs call in a detective. I saw him this morning and he told me this fool trick he had played me, and that's why I am here. But I feel bad about it, all the same."

"There was no reflection upon you, Mr. Garrideb. It was simply zeal upon his part to gain your end—an end which is, I understand, equally vital for both of you. He knew that I had means of getting information, and therefore it was very natural that he should apply to me."

Our visitor's angry face gradually cleared.

"Well, that puts it different," said he. "When I went to see him this morning and he told me he had sent to a detective I just asked for your address and came right away. I don't want police butting into a private matter. But if you are content just to help us find the man, there can be no harm in that."

"Well, that is just how it stands," said Holmes. "And now, sir, since you are here we had best have a clear account from your own lips. My friend here knows nothing of the details."

**MR. GARRIDEB** surveyed me with not too friendly a gaze.

"Need he know?" he asked.

"We usually work together."

"Well, there's no reason it should be kept a secret. I'll give you the facts as short as I can make them. If you came from Kansas, I would not need to explain to you who Alexander Hamilton Garrideb was. He made his money in real estate, and afterwards in the wheat pit at Chicago, but he spent it in buying up as much land as would make one of your counties, lying along the Arkansas River, west of Fort Dodge. It's grazing land and lumber land and arable land and mineralized land, and just every sort of land that brings dollars to the man that owns it.

"He had no kith nor kin—or if he had, I never heard of it. But he took a kind of pride in the queeriness of his name. That was what brought us together. I was in the law at Topeka, and one day I had a visit from the old man and he was tickled to death to meet another man with his own name. It was his pet fad and he was dead set to find out if there were any more Garridebs in the world.

"Find me another!" said he. I told him I was a busy man and could not spend my life hiking round the world in search of Garridebs. 'None the less,' said he, 'that is just what you will do if things pan out as I planned them.' I thought he was joking, but there was a powerful lot of meaning in the words, as I was soon to discover.

"For he died within a year of saying them and he left a will behind him. It was the queerest will that has ever been filed in the State of Kansas. His property was divided into three parts, and I was to have one on condition that I found two Garridebs who would share the remainder. It's five million dollars for each if it is a cent, but we can't lay a finger on it until we all three stand in a row.

"**I**T was so big a chance that I just let my legal practice slide and I set forth looking for Garridebs. There is not one in the United States. I went through it, sir, with a fine-tooth comb and never a Garrideb could I catch. Then I tried the old country. Sure enough there was a name in the London telephone directory. I went after him two days ago and explained the whole matter to him. But he is a lone man like myself, with some women relations but no men. It says three adult men in the will. So, you see, we still have a vacancy, and if you can help to fill it we will be very ready to pay your charges."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes with a smile, "I said it was rather whimsical, did I not? I should have thought, sir, that your obvious way was to advertise in the agony columns of the papers."

"I have done that, Mr. Holmes. No replies."

"Dear me! Well, it is certainly a most curious little problem. I may take a glance at it in my leisure. By the way, it is curious that you should have come from Topeka. I used to have a correspondent—he is dead now—old Dr. Ly-sander Starr, who was mayor in 1890."

"Good old Dr. Starr!" said our visitor. "His name is still honored. Well, Mr. Holmes, I suppose all we can do is to report to you and let you know how we progress. I reckon you will hear within a day or two." With this assurance our American bowed and departed.

Holmes had lit his pipe and he sat for some time with a curious smile upon his face.

"Well?" I asked at last.

"I am wondering, Watson—just wondering!"

"At what?"

Holmes took his pipe from his lips.

"I was wondering, Watson, what on earth could be the object of this man in telling us such a rigmarole of lies. I nearly asked him so—for there are times when a brutal frontal attack is the best policy—but I judged it better to let him think he had fooled us. Here is a man with an English coat frayed at the elbow and trousers bagged at the knee with a year's wear, and yet by this document and by his own account he is a provincial American lately landed in London. There have been no advertisements in the agony columns. You know that I miss nothing there. They are my favorite covert for putting up a bird, and I would never have overlooked such a cock pheasant as that. I never knew a Dr. Lysander Starr of Topeka. Touch him where you would he was false. I think the fellow is really an American, but he has worn his accent smooth with years of London. What is his game, then, and what motive lies behind this preposterous search for Garridebs? I believe it's worth our attention, for, granting that the man is a rascal, he is certainly a complex and ingenious one. We must now find out if our other correspondent is a fraud also. Will you be kind enough to ring him up, Watson?"

I DID so and heard a thin, quivering voice at the other end of the line.

"Yes, yes, I am Mr. Nathan Garrideb. Is Mr. Holmes there? I should very much like to have a word with Mr. Holmes."

My friend took the instrument and I heard the usual syncopated dialogue.

"Yes, he has been here. I understand that you don't know him. . . . How long? . . . Only two days! . . . Yes, yes, of course, it is a most captivating prospect. Will you be at home this evening? I suppose your namesake will not be there. . . . Very good, we shall come then, for I would rather have a chat without him. . . . Dr. Watson will come with me. . . . I understood from your note that you did not go out often. . . . Well, we shall be round about six. You need not mention it to the American lawyer. . . . Very good. Good-by!"

It was twilight of a lovely spring evening, and even Little Ryder Street, one of the smaller offshoots from the Edgware Road, within a stone-cast of old Tyburn

Tree of evil memory, looked golden and wonderful in the slanting rays of the setting sun. The particular house to which we were directed was a large, old-fashioned, early Georgian edifice with a flat brick face broken only by two deep bay windows on the ground floor. It was on this ground floor that our client lived, and indeed the low windows proved to be the front of the huge room in which he spent his waking hours. Holmes pointed as we passed to the small brass plate which bore the curious name.

"Has been up some years, Watson," he remarked, indicating its discolored surface. "It's his real name, anyhow, and that is something to note."

THE house had a common stair, and there were a number of names printed in the hall, some indicating offices and some private chambers. It was not a collection of residential flats, but rather the abode of Bohemian bachelors. Our client opened the door for us himself and apologized by saying that the woman in charge left at four o'clock. Mr. Nathan Garrideb proved to be a very tall, loose-jointed, round-backed person, gaunt and bald, some sixty-odd years of age. He had a cadaverous face, with the dull dead skin of a man to whom exercise was unknown. Large round spectacles and a small projecting goat's beard combined with his stooping attitude to give him an expression of peering curiosity. The general effect, however, was amiable, though eccentric.

The room was as curious as its occupant. It looked like a small museum. It was both broad and deep with cupboards and cabinets all round, crowded with specimens, geological and anatomical. Cases of butterflies and moths flanked each side of the entrance. A large table in the center was littered with all sorts of debris, while the tall brass tube of a powerful microscope bristled up among them. As I glanced round I was surprised at the universality of the man's interests. Here was a case of ancient coins. There was a cabinet of flint instruments. Behind his central table was a large cupboard of fossil bones. Above was a line of plaster skulls with such names as "Neanderthal," "Heidelberg," "Cro-Magnan" printed beneath them. It was clear that he was a student of many subjects. As he stood in front of us now, he held a piece of chamois leather in his right hand with which he was polishing a coin.

"Syracusan—of the best period," he explained, holding it up. "They degenerated greatly toward the end. At their best I hold them supreme, though some prefer the Alexandrian school. You will find a chair here, Mr. Holmes. Pray allow me to clear these bones. And you, sir—ah, yes, Dr. Watson—if you would have the goodness to put the Japanese vase to one side. You see round me my little interests in life. My doctor lectures me about never going out, but why should I go out when I have so much to hold me here. I can assure you that the adequate cataloguing of one of those cabinets would take me three good months."

HOLMES looked round him with curiosity.

"But do you tell me that you *never* go out?" he said.

"Now and again I drive down to Sotheby's or Christie's. Otherwise I very seldom leave my room. I am not too strong and my researches are very absorbing. But you can imagine, Mr. Holmes, what a terrific shock—pleasant but terrific—it was for me when I heard of this unparalleled good fortune. It only needs one more Garrideb to complete the matter, and surely we can find one. I had a brother, but he is dead, and female relatives are disqualified. But there must surely be others in the world. I heard that you handled strange cases, and that was why I sent to you. Of course this American gentleman is quite right, and I should have taken his advice first, but I acted for the best."

"I think you acted very wisely indeed," said Holmes. "But are you really anxious to acquire an estate in America?"

"Certainly not, sir. Nothing would induce me to leave my collection. But this gentleman has assured me that he will buy me out as soon as we have established our claim. Five million dollars was the sum named. There are a dozen specimens in the market at the present moment which fill gaps in my collection and which I am



The man in the open trap door whisked out a revolver and fired.

unable to purchase for want of a few hundred pounds. Just think what I could do with five million dollars! Why, I have the nucleus of a national collection. I will be the Hans Sloane of my age."

HIS eyes gleamed behind his great spectacles. It was very clear that no pains would be spared by Mr. Nathan Garrideb in finding a namesake.

"I merely called to make your acquaintance, and there is no reason why I should interrupt your studies," said Holmes. "I prefer to establish personal touch with those with whom I do business. There are few questions I need ask, for I have your very clear narrative in my pocket and I filled up the blanks when this American gentleman called. I understand that up to this week you were unaware of his existence."

"That is so. He called on me last Tuesday."

"Did he tell you of our interview today?"

"Yes, he came straight back to me. He had been very angry."

"Why should he be angry?"

"He seemed to think it was some reflection on his honor. But he was quite cheerful again when he returned."

"Did he suggest any course of action?"

"No, sir; he did not."

"Has he had, or asked for, any money from you?"

"No, sir, never!"

"You see no possible object he has in view?"

"None, except what he states."

"Did you tell him of our telephone appointment?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

Holmes was lost in thought. I could see that he was puzzled.

"Have you any articles of great value in your collection?"

"No, sir. I am not a rich man. It is

ment. Holmes and I leaned forward and read it over his shoulder. This is how it ran:

HOWARD GARRIDEB

Constructor of Agricultural Machinery

Binders, reapers, steam and hand plows, drills, harrows, farmers' carts, buckboards, and all other appliances

Estimates for Artesian Wells  
APPLY GROSVENOR BUILDINGS,  
ASTON

"GLORIOUS!" gasped our host. "That makes our third man."

"I had opened up inquiries in Birmingham," said the American, "and my agent there has sent me this advertisement from a local paper. We must hustle and put the thing through. I have written to this man and told him that you will see him in his office to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock."

"You want me to see him?"

"What do you say, Mr. Holmes? Don't you think it would be wiser? Here am I, a wandering American, with a wonderful tale. Why should he believe what I tell him? But you are a Britisher with solid references, and he is bound to take notice of what you say. I would go with you if you wished, but I have a very busy day to-

morrow, and I could always follow you if you are in any trouble."

"Well, I have not made such a journey for years."

"It is nothing, Mr. Garrideb. I have figured out your trains. You leave at twelve and should be there before two. Then you can be back the same night. All you have to do is to see this man, explain the matter, and get an affidavit of his existence. By the Lord!" he added hotly, "considering I've come all the way from the center of America, it is surely little enough if you go a hundred miles in order to put this matter through."

"Quite so," said Holmes. "I think what this gentleman says is very true."

Mr. Nathan Garrideb shrugged his shoulders with a disconsolate air. "Well, if you insist, I shall go," said he. "It is certainly hard for me to refuse you anything, considering the glory of hope that you have brought into my life."



a good collection, but not a very valuable one."

"You have no fear of burglars?"

"Not the least."

"How long have you been in these rooms?"

"Nearly five years."

HOLMES' cross-examination was interrupted by an imperative knocking at the door. No sooner had our client unlatched it than the American lawyer burst excitedly into the room.

"Here you are!" he cried, waving a paper over his head. "I thought I would be in time to get you. Mr. Nathan Garrideb, my congratulations! You are a rich man, sir. Our business is happily finished and all is well. As to you, Mr. Holmes, we can only say we are sorry if we have given you any useless trouble."

He handed over the paper to our client, who stood staring at a marked advertise-



"Then that is agreed," said Holmes, "and no doubt you will let me have a report as soon as you can."

"I'll see to that," said the American. "Well," he added, looking at his watch, "I'll have to get on. I'll call to-morrow, Mr. Nathan, and see you off to Birmingham. Coming my way, Mr. Holmes? Well, then, good-by, and we may have good news for you to-morrow night."

I NOTICED that my friend's face cleared when the American left the room, and the look of thoughtful perplexity had vanished.

"I wish I could look over your collection, Mr. Garrideb," said he. "In my profession all sorts of odd knowledge comes useful, and this room of yours is a storehouse of it."

Our client shone with pleasure and his eyes gleamed from behind his big glasses.

"I had always heard, sir, that you were a very intelligent man," said he. "I could take you round now, if you have the time."

"Unfortunately, I have not. But these specimens are so well labeled and classified that they hardly need your personal explanation. If I should be able to look in to-morrow I presume that there would be no objection to my glancing over them."

"None at all. You are most welcome. The place will, of course, be shut up, but Mrs. Saunders is in the basement up to four o'clock and would let you in with her key."

"Well, I happen to be clear to-morrow afternoon. If you would say a word to Mrs. Saunders, it would be quite in order. By the way, who is your house agent?"

Our client was amazed at the sudden question.

"Holloway & Steel, in the Edgware Road. But why?"

"I am a bit of an archaeologist myself when it comes to houses," said Holmes, laughing. "I was wondering if this was Queen Anne or Georgian."

"Georgian, beyond doubt."

"Really. I should have thought a little earlier. However, it is easily ascertained. Well, good-by, Mr. Garrideb, and may you have every success in your Birmingham journey."

The house agent's was close by, but we found that it was closed for the day, so we made our way back to Baker Street. It was not till after dinner that Holmes came back to the subject.

"Our little problem draws to a close,"

said he. "No doubt you have outlined the solution in your own mind."

"I can make neither head nor tail of it."

"The head is surely clear enough, and the tail we should see to-morrow. Did you notice nothing curious about that advertisement?"

"I saw that the word 'plough' was misspelt."

"Oh, you did notice that, did you? Come, Watson, you improve all the time. Yes, it was bad English but good American. The printer had put it up as received. Then the buckboards. That is American also. And artesian wells are commoner with them than with us. It was a typical American advertisement, but purporting to be from an English firm. What do you make of that?"

"I can only suppose that this American lawyer put it in himself. What his object was I fail to understand."

"Well, there are alternative explanations. Anyhow, he wanted to get this good old fossil up to Birmingham. That is very clear. I might have told him that he was clearly going on a wild-goose chase, but, on second thoughts, it seemed better to clear the stage by letting him go. To-morrow, Watson—well, to-morrow will speak for itself."

HOLMES was up and out early. When he returned at lunch time I noticed that his face was very grave.

"This is a more serious matter than I had expected, Watson," said he. "It is fair to tell you so, though I know it will only be an additional reason to you for running your head into danger. I should know my Watson by now. But there is danger, and you should know it."

"Well, it is not the first we have shared, Holmes. I hope it may not be the last. What is the particular danger this time?"

"We are up against a very hard case. I have identified Mr. John Garrideb, counselor at law. He is none other than 'Killer' Evans of sinister and murderous reputation."

"I fear I am none the wiser."

"Ah, it is not part of your profession to carry about a portable Newgate Calendar in your memory. I have been down to see friend Lestrade at the Yard. There may be an occasional want of imaginative intuition down there, but they lead the world for thoroughness and method. I had an idea that we might get on the track of our American friend in their



records. Sure enough, I found his chubby face smiling up at me from the Rogues' Portrait Gallery. 'James Winter, *alias* Morecroft, *alias* Killer Evans,' was the inscription below." Holmes drew an envelope from his pocket. "I scribbled down a few points from his *dossier*. Aged 44. Native of Chicago. Known to have shot three men in the States. Escaped from penitentiary through political influence. Came to London in 1893. Shot a man over cards in a night club in the Waterloo Road in January, 1895. Man died, but he was shown to have been the aggress-

was well remembered at the office. He had suddenly vanished, and nothing more has been heard of him. He was a tall, bearded man with very dark features. Now, Presbury, the man whom Killer Evans had shot, was, according to Scotland Yard, a tall, dark man with a beard. As a working hypothesis, I think we may take it that Presbury, the American criminal, used to live in the very room which our innocent friend now devotes to his museum. So at last we get a link, you see."

"And the next link?"

"Well, we must go now and look for that."

HE took a revolver from the drawer and handed it to me.

"I have my own little derringer, small but effective. If our Wild West friend tries to live up to his nickname, we must be ready for him. I'll give you an hour for a siesta, Watson, and then I think it will be time for our Ryder Street adventure."

It was just four o'clock when we reached the curious apartment of Nathan Garrideb. Mrs. Saunders, the care-



"A printing press—a counterfeiter's outfit," said Holmes.

sor in the row. Dead man was identified as Rodger Presbury, famous as forger and coiner in Chicago. Killer Evans released in 1901. Has been under police supervision since, but so far as known has led an honest life. Very dangerous man, usually carries arms and is prepared to use them. That is our bird, Watson—a sporting bird, as you must admit."

"But what is his game?"

"Well, it begins to define itself. I have been to the house agents. Our client, as he told us, has been there five years. It was unlet for a year before then. The previous tenant was a gentleman at large named Waldron. Waldron's appearance

taker, was about to leave, but she had no hesitation in admitting us, for the door shut with a spring lock and Holmes promised to see that all was safe before we left. Shortly afterward the outer door closed, her bonnet passed the bow window, and we knew that we were alone in the lower floor of the house. Holmes made a rapid examination of the premises. There was one cupboard in a dark corner which stood out a little from the wall. It was behind this that we eventually crouched, while Holmes in a whisper outlined his intentions.

"He wanted to get our amiable friend  
(Continued on page 796)

## "MINICK"

### A Comedy In Which Age Finds a Way to Old Home Comforts and Independence

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN and EDNA FERBER

**W**HEREAS Percy Hammond, of the N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*, and Alan Dale, of the *American*, toss bouquets to Winthrop Ames, for his "perfect" production of the George Kaufman-Edna Ferber comedy, "Minick," rather than to its co-authors, Alexander Woolcott, of the *Sun*, is disposed to give most credit to the authors and actors, notably O. P. Heggie and Phyllis Povah, and little or none to "the meticulous hand of Mr. Ames." The *Herald-Tribune* critic thinks "the story of Minick is told as skilfully as any story can be told by the stage. There is rouge in it, of course, but it is deftly employed . . . and the stage direction makes the play so believable that, save for one or two minor rifts, I forget, in witnessing the performance, that I am in the theater."

To Heywood Broun, of the N. Y. *World*, this play "catches the shapes and sounds of life, and leaves life out." In other words, it is objected, too much taste is displayed both in the writing and mounting of the play. The last named critic is afraid that "life is far more rowdy than it is allowed to be in 'Minick.'" Telling, as it does, the story of an old man of 72 who has lost his wife and moves from his small town home to the big city to dwell with his son and daughter-in-law, Stark Young, of the *Times*, finds "the whole tone of the play constantly funny, loving and tragic all together. The long gap between the ages of these people, the lack of any idea that might bring them closer to each other; the barren mediocrity of their lives, their good intentions, their good hearts, their stupid interests, and most of all the dumbness of human beings toward each other no matter what they feel, these are the themes that are woven into the texture of the piece."

The scene is the apartment of a youngish middle-class married couple, Nettie and Fred Minick (Phyllis Povah and Frederic Burt) in Chicago. In a moment of enthusiasm they have invited Fred's widowed father (O. P. Heggie) to live with them. It is an evening in Spring when the old man arrives, to find his son and daughter-in-law, together with some friends, Lil and Jim Corey (Antoinette Perry and Sydney Booth) at the Minick apartment. Greetings over, Nettie proposes to show the old man to his room.

MINICK. All right. Got some things in my trunk for you, Nettie. Ma's things. Tell you what else I got, too. You know that last picture she had taken, before she took sick? Well, I had an enlargement made that'll go right over your bookcase there, slick as anything. (*Exits, Nettie following. His voice is still heard off stage.*) It's got a handsome gold frame on it, about four inches wide, made of gold mostly.

Minick returns presently, and in inquiring of him whether he is "all fixed up," Mrs. Corey raises her voice as though speaking to someone hard of hearing. Minick raises his voice imitatively in saying, "Yes ma'am," then whispers, "I am."

NETTIE. I was just saying to father Minick, I wish we had a big front bedroom for him. I'd gladly give him ours, and we'd move back there, only that room's too small for twin beds and the dresser and Fred's chiffo-robe and all.

MINICK. That room's fine. Good enough for anybody.

NETTIE. You wait till I get the cretonne slips made. And I'll have a little reading lamp for you, and an easy chair.

MINICK. That's fine—fine. Just one thing I noticed, though. I wonder if you could spare me another pillow. You see, I sleep high, and if—

NETTIE. Why, of course. Now if there's anything else you want—

MINICK. No, no—everything's fine. I'll be out here most the time, anyway. (*Feels the covering of the chair as he sits.*) H'm, silk.

JIM. Well, sir, how do you think you're going to like little old Chicago?

MINICK. Chicago? I like Chicago first rate. Say, I knew Chicago before any of you young sprats were born. Why, you know where the Greenbaum Bank stands, LaSalle and Monroe—

FRED. LaSalle and Madison, father.

MINICK. That's what I said. Why, La Salle Street wasn't anything, time I was your age. Wooden sidewalks and mud up to here. (*Thrusts out one foot.*) You could have bought that ground for a song.

FRED. I always say if anybody had been a good singer in 1875 he'd own Chicago now.

MINICK. Singer?

NETTIE. Don't pay any attention to him, father Minick. Fred's just trying to be funny.

MINICK. Singer? Oh, singer—you mean—say that's a good one. Anybody'd been a good singer—(*Laughs. Jim lights a*

*cigar which he has taken from his pocket.*)

JIM. (*Rising and crossing over to Minick, taking another cigar from his vest pocket.*) Have a cigar, Mr. Minick?

MINICK. (*Takes it.*) Thanks.

JIM. Light?

MINICK. After supper. I never smoke before I eat.

Presently the women leave the room and Fred Minick and Corey are complaining to each other that their wives are opposed to their starting a mail order business, as a sort of side line with glittering prospects.

MINICK. What are you two boys talking about? Business?

FRED. Five years ago I'd have said "No," but things are getting back to where they were before the war.

MINICK. Now Fred, I don't want you risking a lot of money in any new business. You got a good job, so stick to it and let somebody else do the worrying.

FRED. Please, father. We're not—

MINICK. That's all right. But you



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THEIR COLLABORATION IN THE WRITING OF "MINICK" HAS RESULTED IN A PRAISEWORTHY COMEDY

George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, as coauthors of the play, are, however, less applauded by some critics than is its producer, Winthrop Ames.

know the way you are. What kind of business is it, anyway? Something new-fangled?

FRED. No, father. It's the mail order business. Nothing to get excited about.

MINICK. Well sir, you go careful. That don't strike me like anything for a couple of young fellows. Probably go to work and lose everything you got. And I'll tell you why. (*Gets the desk chair, puts it near them and sits.*) What's your mail order business depend on?

FRED. All right, dad.

MINICK. Depends on your little towns. All right, sir. Take your little towns. Take Bloomington. There's a town set right down in the middle of the richest farming country in Illinois. And what's happened to her? Your farmer to-day is strapped. What's he getting for his wheat? What's he getting for his corn? And whose fault is it? I tell you till Europe gets on her feet we might just as well all mark time over here, and lucky, we're not going backwards. A growing country like this has got to have outlets, or where is she? You take any one of those countries over there to-day—you take Poland, you take Rooshia, you take Czecho—uh—take Roumania—

FRED. Oh, father. We're only talking.

MINICK. Well, I've been through it and I know. If I'd waited a couple of years till things was more settled, I'd be a rich man to-day with that automobile tire.

FRED. But this is quite another thing, dad. You don't understand.

MINICK. (*As Nettie enters from passage carrying a tray, followed by Lil with a lunch cloth.*) It's a new business, ain't it? And you're talking about getting into it?

NETTIE. (*Stops still in her tracks.*) Oh, is he? Well, there isn't going to be any new business; and don't you forget it.

With the best of intentions, the old man succeeds in striking one discordant note after another in the affairs of his son and daughter-in-law, particularly in their domestic life. As an instance, the maid-of-all-work, Annie (*Beatrice Moreland*), is introduced in due course.

MINICK. H'are you, my girl?

ANNIE. (*Surlily.*) H'are you?

NETTIE. We couldn't get along without Annie. Could we, Annie? She makes us all comfortable, don't you, Annie? (*Annie*

*clatters a dish.*) Oh, to-morrow, Annie—there's no reason why you should come in early. You know Mr. Minick and I always sleep late Sunday. . . . Oh, father, Fred and I are very lazy Sunday mornings.

MINICK. Not me, I'm up and around six o'clock. (*Annie gives him a hard look.*)

NETTIE. Oh, but Annie won't be here until—

MINICK. That's all right. I'll just stir around in the kitchen as quiet as a mouse. (*Annie again looks at him menacingly.*) Fix some coffee and toast, and boil me an egg. That's all I take as a general thing. Maybe some cereal.

Later, Fred and Nettie are persuaded to overcome their scruples about leaving the old man alone in the apartment while they accompany friends on a motor trip to a suburban dining-and-dancing resort. Minick, left to his own devices, removes his boots, explores the room with more or less disastrous effect to its arrangements and retires with the knowledge that the maid, Annie, has taken French leave.

Six months later, in the second act, the old man is unconsciously aggravating Annie's successor, a colored maid named Lula (*Emma Wise*) when the door-bell rings. Minick announces that he'll "let 'em in," referring to two inmates, Dietenhofer (*C. R. Burrows*) and Price (*Thomas Meegan*), of an Old Men's Home whose acquaintance he has made in a neighborhood park.

LULA. You mean them friends of yours from the Old Men's Home comin' to this house agin to-day?

MINICK. Like to know why not.

LULA. After me just cleanin' up and Mrs. Minick expectin' her club meetin'? They been comin' here three days hand-runnin'.

MINICK. Entitled to have company, ain't I? Too cold to sit in the park. (*The bell rings again. Minick goes into the hall.*)

LULA. Yah, company. What you do? Sit aroun', talk your fool heads off.

MINICK. (*Off.*) Gentlemen, come in.

DIETENHOFER. (*Off.*) Well, Minick, how are you?

PRICE. (*Off.*) Afternoon.

DIETENHOFER. (*Off.*) The cold any better?

MINICK. (Off.) I think it's breaking up. I was down-town this morning.

PRICE. (Off.) Bad weather to be out in. (Dietenhofer, a man of about Minick's age, comes into the room. He wears rubbers and overcoat, and has a hat on. He is unwinding a long muffler. The voices of Minick and Price continue in the hallway.)

DIETENHOFER. (To the glaring Lula.) Hello.

LULA. (Pointing to his rubbers.) I just clean this room, an' Mrs. Minick goin' to have a meetin'.

DIETENHOFER. Huh?

LULA. I say, I wish you leave them rubbers in the hallway, day like this. Took me an hour cleanin' up after you yesterday.

DIETENHOFER. Oh!

LULA. (To Price, who has entered from the hall.) You got 'em on, too.

MINICK. Yes, sir; I guess we won't sit out in the park much more this year. (Notices that Lula is pointing to Price's feet.) Now what's the matter?

LULA. I ask that other gentleman please leave his rubbers in the hallway.

MINICK. She's just cleaned up—sort of fussy.

LULA. All I say is you wait till Mrs. Minick come back—

MINICK. That's all right.

LULA. She's going to be awful mad, find you in here to-day. (Exits.)

PRICE. What did she say?

MINICK. Nettie's got some clubwomen coming or something; but we got lots of time.

PRICE. Sure, I got time. (Crossing to an armchair, sits.)

DIETENHOFER. (Taking out his pipe.) Women are always doing something nowadays. My time they stayed home and tended to things. (Sits on sofa.)

PRICE. Not to-day. It's the unrest.

MINICK. (Sits on one chair, resting his feet on another.) Yep. Fixing this and fixing that. (Sniffles. Takes out his handkerchief. Price takes off his rubbers and throws them into the hallway. Dietenhofer fills his pipe, shaking the tobacco out of the pouch and spilling a good deal on the carpet.) Well sir, what's the good word?

DIETENHOFER. Oh-o-o-h, about the same, I guess. Everything's about the same as yesterday. Yep. How's it with you?

MINICK. Oh-o-o-h, not much different. How about you, Price?

PRICE. Oh-o-o-h, so, so. Not much of one thing or the other. (Takes out his pipe.)

MINICK. Anything new over to the Home to-day?

DIETENHOFER. No — nothing special. Nothing special. (Throws his burnt match under the sofa. Price now knocks his pipe bowl against the smoking-table, spilling the heel on the carpet, then produces a large clasp-knife and opens it leisurely.) Not smoking, Minick?

MINICK. No. Don't taste like anything when you got a cold.

Dietenhofer and Price paint an alluring picture of the Home, and hint about a prospective vacancy, but Minick declares his son and daughter-in-law "wouldn't hear of it." Then:

MINICK. Here's Nettie now. (Rises. Nettie enters carrying two bundles, one a loaf of bread, the other a smaller bundle. Elaborately casual:) Hello Nettie. (Dietenhofer and Price rise. Nettie stops short as she sees the old men. A quick look takes in the disorder of the room.)

NETTIE. Father! What are you—! I told you not—

MINICK. Well, Mr. Dietenhofer and—

NETTIE. It was all right yesterday, and—but—

DIETENHOFER. We only came in to keep Mr. Minick here—

NETTIE. Lula! Lula! Of course I was glad to have you sit with father Minick this week, but to-day— (Lula enters from the passage.) Lula, take these. (Stuffs newspapers into her hands.) No, wait a minute. (Gives her two bundles.) That's for the sandwiches. And hurry. I'm terribly late. I thought I'd never get— (As Lula goes.) And bring in the dust pan and whisk broom.

(During the next few speeches Nettie is flying about the room in a desperate effort to set it to rights before her guests arrive; takes gavel from the sofa and replaces it on smoking-table.) Of course, I know it's been hard on you, father Minick, being in—but just to-day—so inconvenient—my whole committee. Come tomorrow—come Thursday—come any other day. I'd be only too glad. (They turn around watching her. She hands Dietenhofer his hat.) Father, I did tell you I had some women coming to-day, didn't I?



MINICK. Well, well. Nothing to fuss about.

NETTIE. Nothing to fuss about! Look at this room! Lula!

DIETENHOFER. Well, ma'am, I assure you we've got our own place to go to.

NETTIE. Lula!

PRICE. Maybe you want us to go.

They finally retreat. Whereupon Minick begins to sow the seeds of other complications by demanding of his daughter-in-law what she thinks he found out during his trip down-town that morning.

NETTIE. I don't know, father. Tell me later.

MINICK. What do you think Fred's done? (*The noise of the old men stamping their rubbers is heard from the hallway.*)

NETTIE. Please, father. The meeting'll be starting.

MINICK. Fred's gone into business.

NETTIE. What! How do you know? Mail order?

MINICK. Yessir. And you and I got to stop him.

NETTIE. But how do you know he's gone into it? Who told you.

MINICK. Saw it on the door. Fred and Mr. Corey.

NETTIE. Where? What door?

MINICK. 1117 Monadnock Building.

Before he can go into details, the clubwomen, including Lil Corey, begin to arrive, and presently Nettie has an opportunity to ask Mrs. Corey if she knows that their husbands have gone into business together. Minick, near them, listens.

LIL. Business?

MINICK. What are you going to do about it?

NETTIE. (*Silences him with a gesture.*) Did you know that Fred and Jim had gone ahead with that crazy mail order scheme?

LIL. They haven't!

NETTIE. They have!

LIL. I don't believe it! How do you know?

MINICK. I found it out.

NETTIE. Father Minick. Monadnock Building. Saw it on the door.

LIL. What are you talking about?

NETTIE. I'm telling you that Fred has

probably taken every penny we've got in the world and dumped it into this—this idiotic—

MINICK. Yessir.

During the club meeting that afternoon Minick's interruptions cause it to break up in more or less of a row, greatly to the embarrassment of Mrs. Minick. When Fred Minick arrives home later in the day he is greeted by his distracted wife and anxiously inquires what it's about.

NETTIE. It's just this, Fred Minick. I was good enough for you to bring your father into this house and saddle him on me all day long, every day; good enough to have him humiliate me before my friends—

FRED. Nettie, I'm terribly sorry. Now you're just tired.

NETTIE. (*Pushes him away.*) Oh, yes, I was good enough for that! But when it came to confiding in your wife that you were risking God knows how much money in a business that you don't know any more about than a child, that's different, I suppose. Oh, yes!

FRED. (*A sigh, to himself. He knows the storm is upon him.*) Oh, God!

NETTIE. And I suppose everybody in town would have known it before me if your father hadn't just stumbled on it.

FRED. Father! What does he know? He doesn't—

NETTIE. And this afternoon. Not only does that lovely news about you and Jim come just as I'm expecting them for a most important meeting. (*Throws a chair to one side and flings herself upon the sofa.*) Well, look at me! I'm sick, sick and tired of being the one to sacrifice, and suffer, and then not even be told what my own husband is doing.

FRED. Now, Nettie, this thing is as safe as a bank. What's the use of getting all worked up about nothing.

NETTIE. Nothing! Oh, it's nothing, is it? Nothing for me to have been humiliated this afternoon as no woman was ever humiliated before in the world? I'll never be able to face any of those women again.

FRED. For God's sake, what did happen?

NETTIE. What happened? I'll tell you what happened. Your father disgraced me in front of all those women; he of-

(Continued on page 745)



O. P. HEGGIE IS "MINICK" TO THE LIFE IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME  
It is the dramatization by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber of a short story  
written by the latter and has scored a hit on Broadway.



"I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, FINE," MINICK ASSURES NETTIE.  
As Nettie Minick, the old man's daughter-in-law, Phyllis Povah gives a notable impersonation in "Minick," the Kaufman-Ferber comedy of flat life in Chicago.



LULA (EMMA WISE) CAUTIONS MINICK'S FRIENDS ABOUT WEARING MUDDY OVERSHOES IN THE HOUSE  
Standing with Minick (O. P. Heggie) are Dietenhofer (Charles R. Burrows) and Price (Thomas Meegan), inmates of the  
Old Men's Home, to which they are trying to lure him.



ALFRED LUNT AND LYNN FONTANNE in "THE GUARDSMAN"  
The Theatre Guild revives, as its first offering of the New York theatrical season,  
Franz Molnar's serio-comic play in which a husband severely tests his wife.





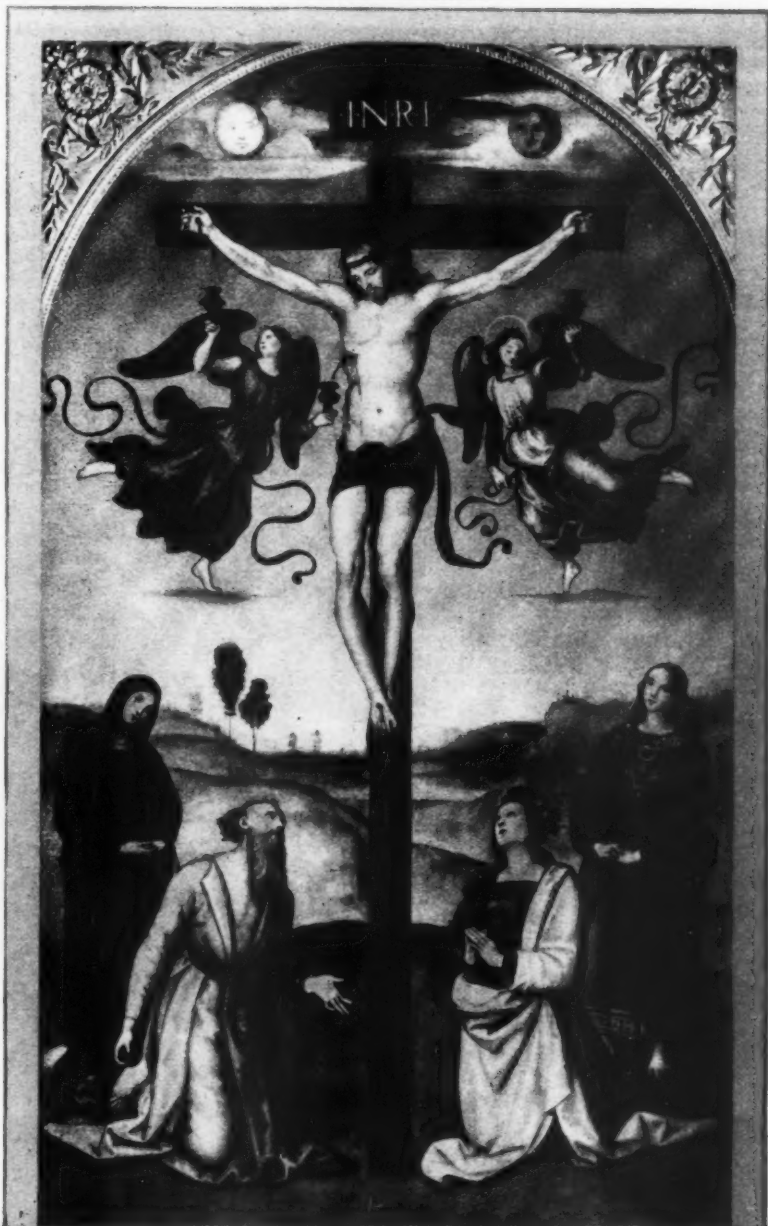
**MESTROVIC AND HIS "ANGEL GABRIEL"**

The eminent Yugoslav sculptor Ivan Mestrovic has come to America to open an exhibition of his works in the Brooklyn Museum of Fine Arts.



#### THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

"The Annunciation to the Shepherds" is the work of the late Sandor Landeau, of East Aurora, New York. With wonderful simplicity the artist has told the thrilling story of Christ's birth, as foretold to the shepherds while tending their flocks on the hillsides. In the distance Bethlehem gleams faintly in a celestial light. One of the interesting things about this picture is the striking way the artist has individualized his four shepherds. One has fallen to his knees, overcome with emotion that at last the Messiah has arrived. The second stands in a flood of light with upturned face, waiting eagerly to receive God's full message. The man behind him is frightened, but no less eager to hear and obey, while the fourth, a bearded, old man, shields his eyes with his hand, trembling with uncertainty and hope. Mr. Landeau studied under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. He was a frequent exhibitor in the French Salon until the Great War, and won the Salon gold medal in 1907.



**A RAPHAEL GEM PRESENTED TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE**

This "Crucifixion" is the dominating picture in a collection of forty-two old masters lately bequeathed to the National Gallery in London by Dr. Ludwig Mond.



© Wide World

**KING GEORGE HONORS THE MEMORY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS**  
His Christmas card, painted by Howard David, shows Charles I. granting the charter to the Puritans preparatory to the sailing of the Mayflower in 1629.

(Continued from page 736)

fended one of the biggest women in club work to-day! Well, I've stood a good deal in the six months he's been here—yes, and from you too—but I've reached the end. Do you understand me? I've reached the end.

FRED. Oh, now, you know you don't mean that. You've got yourself all worked up.

NETTIE. Oh, don't I though? Well, this is all I've got to say, and I mean every word of it. Either your father goes out of this house or I do, Fred Minick. And I don't care which it is.

She goes out in a fury. Minick enters and, far from being apologetic, proceeds to lecture his son as though he were a little boy. Finally:

FRED. Father, for God's sake! You're an old man. What do you know about modern business. If you'd only stay out of my affairs. (*Exits and slams the door.*)

MINICK. (*Stands for a moment dazed.*) An old man—that's what he said—an old man.

The time of the third act is the following morning when the elder Minick receives a call, during the breakfast hour, from Dietenhofer and Price. They have come to tell Minick positively that there is an opportunity for him to become an inmate of the Home. Incidentally, being introduced to Fred, they reprove him for embarking in the mail order business against the advice of his father. Fred is dumbfounded at this latest paternal indiscretion. Also he is taken aback by the intimation that his father seriously thinks of going to the Home, one of the reasons being, as Nettie confides to Lil Corey: "Of course, I don't have to tell you what this means, this having father Minick in the house. He'll be here for God knows how long. Of course I don't mean I'd have it otherwise, but there's no use fooling yourself? Here we are stuck in this five-room flat and no prospects of anything better for years to come. Everything tied up in that new business, and father Minick—(*A gesture*) It means no children for Fred and me—that's what it means."

Old Man Minick enters, greets the two women and retires to his room while Mesdames Minick and Corey don wraps and leave the house. At the final curtain Minick enters the dining-room, with a coat on his arm and carrying a straw suit-case. Spying Lula, who is clearing the table of breakfast dishes, he demands to know where his other shirts are.

LULA. What you doin' with that suit-case?

MINICK. Never mind. Where are they?

LULA. They are in the wash. What you want with them?

MINICK. When'll you have 'em done?

LULA. I irons Tuesday. What you up to, anyhow?

MINICK. Tuesday, eh? And what's the name of that fella comes and takes your trunk anyway? Palmer'r something.

LULA. You mean Parmales Transfer Company?

MINICK.. That's him. Got an office right down the street.

LULA. What you want a transfer company for?

MINICK. What do you think I want 'em for? I want 'em to come and take a trunk.

LULA. Mrs. Minick didn't tell me 'bout no trunk. What you goin' t' do?

MINICK. I know what I'm going to do.

LULA. If Mrs. Minick doesn't know about it, she's goin' to be awful mad when she comes home.

MINICK. That's all right. Mad or no mad, I'm going.

LULA. What you mean—goin'? Mrs. Minick ain't goin' let you go no place.

MINICK. Let me! I'm not a child. I know what I want to do, and I'm going to do it. Think I was a plumb fool! What's Nettie got to do with it? I got a right to be with my own kind of folks. I'm sorry for Fred and Nettie; but I can't be thinking of them all the time. There's young and there's old and they got to be let go their own ways.

LULA. I don't know what you talkin' about.

MINICK. I'll tell you what I'm talking about. (*Putting on his overcoat.*) If I want to go to the Home, they got no right to keep me from it, Fred and Nettie. I got my own life, same as everybody. Yes, sir! I got my own life, same as anybody. (*Putting on his hat.*) And I know just what I'm going to do with it. I ain't going to waste it teaching pinochle to anybody.



# Where Jazz Is Taking Us Musically

## Conflicting Opinions of Famous Musicians and Others

**A** RATHER violent conflict of opinions as to the effect that jazz music is likely to have upon the music of the future is manifested in a symposium conducted by *The Etude*, to which are such contributors as Percy Grainger, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Charles Wakefield Cadman, Dr. Frank Damrosch, John Philip Sousa, George Ade, Robert M. Stults and Fred Stone. Percy Grainger has made an exhaustive study of syncopated music and does not share the fear of other composers who tremble for the music of the "jazz-tainted" future. To his way of thinking:

"The best of jazz is the finest popular music known to me in any country of to-day or even of the past. Its excellence rests on its combination of Nordic melodiousness with Negro tribal, rhythmic polyphony plus the great musical refinement and sophistication that has come through the vast army of highly trained cosmopolitan musicians who play in jazz. There never was a popular music so *classical*.

"One of the main characteristics of jazz is that taken from the improvised habits of the Chinese and other musicians of the Far East. The seductive, exotic, desocializing elements imputed to jazz by musical ignoramuses have no musical basis. Musically speaking, the chief characteristics of jazz are solidity, robustness, refinement, sentiment, friendly warmth. As music it seems to me far less sensuous, passionate or abandoned than the music of many peoples. It is what one would expect from a solid, prosperous Nordic race. . . .

"If jazz had done nothing more than to break down certain old orchestral jail walls, it would be justified. It is in the instrumentation of the modern jazz orchestra that the musician is principally interested. This is momentous in every way. To me it represents an advance in instrumentation only to be compared in extent with that which occurred in another line between the instrumentation of Beethoven and the instrumentation of Wagner. It has opened up glorious instrumental possibilities."

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, esteemed as the foremost living woman composer, confesses that she is not very familiar with jazz, but from what she has heard of it she would "hardly class it among influences for good." Indeed, "taken in association with some of the modern dancing and the sentiment of the verses on which many of the 'jazz' songs are founded, it would be difficult to find a combination more vulgar or debasing. . . . Shall we be content to flavor our food with pepper, or is our future diet to consist entirely of Tabasco sauce?"

Charles Wakefield Cadman, another composer, declares it to be "as silly to stir oneself over the matter of jazz as it is to get into a fever heat over modern Christianity and Fundamentalism." He would have us:

"Simply recognize the fact that jazz is an exotic expression of our present national life. The very fact of its form changing every year shows its impermanence. Its very rhythms and its fantastic effects, which are not without cleverness (because a good musician is usually called in to orchestrate the rather crude piano scores), somehow reflect the restless energy that pulses through the 'spirit of the day,' a restlessness that has become more patent since the World War. Jazz makes a more popular appeal at this moment than it would make at a more quiescent period of history. It is the craving for excitement on the part of those who can understand only the more popular forms of music; in other words, than those who fancy the savage in music because it brings them a 'kick.'"

Dr. Frank Damrosch, director of the Institute of Musical Art, believing that "jazz is to real music what the caricature is to the portrait," attributes the "jazz fad" to the fact that "we are living in a state of unrest, of social evolution, of transition from a condition of established order to a new objective as yet but dimly visualized" and

he "can only hope that sanity and the love of the beautiful will help to set the world right again so that music will resume its proper mission of beautifying life instead of burlesquing it."

Robert Stults, who composed "The Sweetest Story Ever Told" and has lived to receive royalties on 3 million copies of that still popular song, deplures "the gradual deterioration of the so-called popular music of the day" and "the malarious atmosphere created by jazz in the musical world."

John Philip Sousa, George Ade and Fred Stone are a unit in applauding "good jazz" and in decrying the other variety. Ade would compel every ragtime artist to "take an examination and secure a license before he is permitted to fool with a saxophone"; and Stone foresees jazz developing into a form accepted as music, and "when 'The Pasmala' is recognized as the first ragtime song, Ernest Hogan, an almost forgotten minstrel, will be hailed as the founder of the new American music."

## Playwriting Improved by Teamwork

### *Collaboration Becoming the Rule Rather Than the Exception*

**C**OLLABORATION is becoming more and more the rule in current play making, and the advantages of teamwork in dramatic authorship are aptly set forth by David Gray, co-author, with Avery Hopwood, of "The Best People," and by Sidney Howard, with whom Edward Sheldon collaborated in writing "Bewitched." Reviewing the history of "The Best People," David Gray reminds us, in the *New York Times*, that it is based upon a short story of his, entitled "The Self-Determination of the Lenoxes," which originally appeared in a periodical.

"I was convinced that there was a play in it, and was encouraged in this belief when, on the day of publication, D. W. Griffith called me by long-distance telephone and offered to buy the picture rights. Other offers for dramatic rights followed, but I had already begun the dramatization myself. Some months later I was fortunate enough to secure a week's performance of the piece by a local stock company, and I saw what I had and also what I didn't have. Then came more work, acceptance by Charles Frohman, Inc., and a Spring try-out in Pittsburgh and Cleveland. The audiences liked it—the box-office business built up every night—but to my horror I realized that I had no third act. But my luck still held, for Avery Hopwood set to work on it. It

was then that I began to understand how he has become one of the great modern writers of comedy. . . .

"It was during a 'try out' in Chicago that Hopwood disclosed the vital secret of his success. As a writer of entertainments he believes that his plays should entertain. With him the test of the audience is the final test. Lines that failed to get a response were ruthlessly cut whether they were his or mine, whether we thought they were good or not. Scenes that dragged were cut or rewritten till they went swiftly and smoothly. In the first thirteen performances the play was in effect again rewritten and twenty minutes of its acting length cut out. And this is the method employed in all the Hopwood plays."

Sidney Howard, in the *Herald Tribune*, acknowledges Edward Sheldon's as the master-mind in their collaboration, Sheldon starting the story and drafting the scenario preparatory to their teamwork in the dialogue. Indeed:

"In the creation of a new work it is necessary that there be a boss, that one man be subsidiary to the other. The task then for both is a matter of agility, both taking the lead while conforming simultaneously. It is a harder task than doing an individual work. In this case, one must keep up with the imagination of the other, forming and shaping to suit the mutual and individual ideas. To my no-

tion, working with Sheldon put me in touch with a man with a directing mind. With him I got theater as theater.

"In writing the individual work, however, one may keep up only with himself, but works on his own knowledge and has a much easier, freer scope. In this matter of collaboration, you cook yourself up over an idea; you do not let yourself see it is not great. You bring every energy

to bear that you have in developing it. Next you try it out on yourself and others. Everything seems unfamiliar—far away from you. Then you go over certain points that you consider bad or good. You keep some things and throw away the rest. Finally, you tie everything up together again, and then, when you are colloquially about all in, the play is somehow done."

## Why So Many Bad Plays Are Produced

### *Theatrical Managers Are the Poorest Critics of Them All*

ALAN DALE, a dean of metropolitan play reviewers, commenting on the fact that during one recent month he reviewed seventeen new Broadway productions, reminds us, in the *New York American*, that "in no metropolis in the world is anything approaching this play-producing activity seen" and that "New York has leaped to the very highest pinnacle of theatrical enterprise," but "let us beware. The top is always the last stop before the descent."

Play producing, as this veteran critic observes, is a great game of chance, in which weird things have happened of late. Plays that the "road" wouldn't have at any price, plays in which managers have been unable to obtain any interest, have scored tremendous hits and have made fortunes, whereas plays for which managers yearned have in many instances proved to be sorry risks.

"So the crop of plays acclaimed to be bad grows all the time. One or two of them during the week just passed have been consistently dreadful, but who shall say what the language of the box office will be? And forget it not: The most honeyed words of criticism and the sweetest and most laudatory phrases are acidulated and dust-like compared with the music of the box office chink.

"Then there are the plays that start as failures and that, for some reason as yet unknown, develop into noteworthy successes. They, too, must be taken into the reckoning. That record breaker (*Light-*

*nin*') started very dolefully. For the first six weeks the company threatened to close. The box office was not a jovial resort. Then—presto!—came the change, and the rest is history. The play entitled 'The Fool,' also pecuniarily successful, began most miserably, and was literally built up, and there are many others in the identical class."

Who can foretell the fate of a play? Certainly no critic; nor is prophecy his business. As Alan Dale points out, the critic may "pick a winner" now and then, because "there are plays that *must* get over—like 'The Show-Off,' for example. Not for any conceivable reason could that play have failed. It had every earmark of acute success. But there are plays that it is the positive duty of any critic worth his salt to dislike profoundly, and yet—those very plays may be pecuniary successes." This shrewd assayer of plays and their producers concludes:

"Managers are dreadful critics. They go out of town to see plays on the road and return either delighted or the contrary with the things they have witnessed. And most frequently they are entirely wrong. They do not know. They are perfectly at a loss. Nothing but the public can actually decide. Play-readers are notoriously at fault. If I owned a theater I'd have no play readers other than my plumber, or my iceman, or my cook. Play readers also write plays themselves, I'm told, and that doesn't help matters at all. They are human. That is their trouble. Being human is rather a dreadful thing for anybody, don't you think?"

# The Passing of the Gondola

*Picturesque Craft of the Canals to Be Equipped With Motors*

VENICE is to be flivverized. The gondola, manned by a gondolier, theme of poets and dream of tourists, is reported under death sentence. The city administrator, one Signor Giordano, who is a minion of Mussolini, has granted a franchise to an electrical engineering company, under the terms of which all large gondolas must be equipped with motors within twenty months.

Irate gondoliers have protested by pelting the city hall with eggs and tomatoes. Sentimentalists everywhere have been loud in angry lamentations. The former see their source of livelihood rudely cut off. There is an art that takes years to master, and their fathers and grandfathers practiced it before them. As for art lovers, the passing of the oar-driven gondola almost means the passing of Venice itself, for what will the Grand Canal be when the musical cries of the gondoliers are replaced by the rude, enervating chug-chug of the motor launch? *The Daily Telegraph* (London) declares that fitting up a gondola as a motor-boat is like running a tramway through Stonehenge, or crowning the Lord Mayor of London when in his robes of state with a derby hat; and the *Boston Transcript* observes that the gondola "was one of the few silent modes of locomotion left to an age suffering from insensate noise." But it was slow, and clumsy to handle in a traffic jam.



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## SOON TO BE ONLY A MEMORY

View of the Grand Canal, Venice, dotted with the craft of the doomed gondolier. Because of the long, awkward sweep with which he propels his vessel, he is to be sacrificed to solve Venice's traffic problem.

And what right has the world to complain if Venice refuses to languish in picturesque somnolence? Neither Americans nor English have ever refused to adopt mechanical inventions merely because they might throw workers out of employment, and in the course of the last century the face of Merrie England has been defaced in many parts by the irruption of industrialism. The canals of Venice may be a backwater of the Adriatic, but the Venetians refuse to allow their city to be a backwater of progress. A live town does not relish the rôle of a museum antiquity, and Venice has still enough life to be modern. One hundred per cent. Americans cannot condemn one hundred per cent. Venetians.

The passing of the gondola is not the first evidence the world has had of Italy's rejuvenation. Italian motorists have long displayed a passion for speeding ("eating up" their highways) which



takes away the breath even of American tourists. They are specially fond of driving with the muffler open, so as to make all the noise possible. Recently Mussolini has gone even further than the authorities of New York in seeking a solution to Rome's traffic prob-

lems: he has decreed that the draft-horse must disappear from the streets within four years. And a despatch from the Eternal City has even announced the plans of Young Italy to erect a skyscraper a thousand feet high, far taller than Manhattan's tallest.

## Resurrecting a Great Forgotten City

### *Superb Ruins of Mysterious Race Uncovered in Cambodia*

**K**ING SISOWATTI, of Cambodia, in his 93rd year, is starting on a tour of the world, and his visit to lands far from his remote Asiatic kingdom will probably direct popular attention for the first time to the amazing story of his race. For the dense, tropical jungle of Cambodia hides the greatest mystery of the Far East, the magnificent ruins of Angkor-thom, once an imperial city with a million population, now a forest playground for chattering monkeys.

The discovery of Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb aroused an international sensation, but, compared with the romance and scope of the less well press-agented work of French archaeologists in Indo-China, it shrinks to a mere episode. In the last twenty years Cambodia has relinquished the secret of a dead and forgotten civilization of supreme merit, and now the findings have been placed within reach of the English-reading public in two new books.\*

Cambodia is to-day a French colony, and forms on the map of Asia that distinctive bulge in the Pacific Coast line which starts north of the Malay Peninsula and merges into

China proper. The ruins of Angkor lie far in the interior, two and a half days' journey from the coast up the Mekong River and beyond the Tonle Sap, a giant lake teeming with tropical bird and fish life. Not far from its tepid, tideless shores the warlike Khmers (as the ancient Cambodians were called) erected their luxurious capital at about the same time that Alfred the Great was struggling to civilize England, and Charlemagne was fighting Saracen hordes in Spain. Angkor enjoyed four brief centuries of glory; then the Khmers disappeared as a power, their armies probably annihilated by the Siamese, and the jungle laid hold once more on the clearing. To-day a few small bunga-



© French Colonial Digest

#### IN VISHNU'S HONOR

A court in the temple of Angkor-vat, erected seven centuries ago in honor of "The Preserver," one of the three deities who make up the Trinity of the Brahman religion.

\* ANGKOR THE MAGNIFICENT, by Helen Churchill Candee, Frederick A. Stokes.

ANGKOR: RUINS IN CAMBODIA, by P. Jeannerat de Beer-ski. Houghton Mifflin.

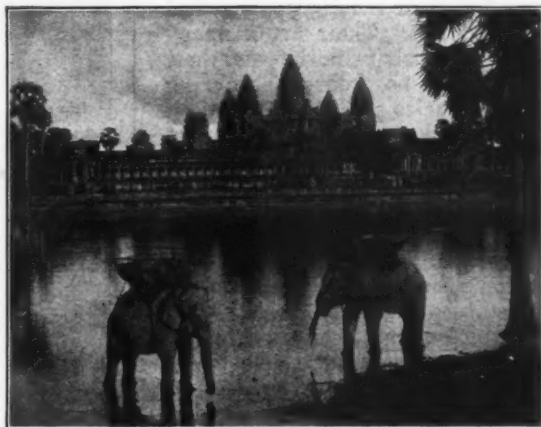


low villages hidden among the trees are all that remain of the human grandeur that once was Angkor's.

The ruins are vast in extent and some are perfectly preserved. Greatest of all is Angkor-vat, a temple consecrated to Vishnu, the Preserver. De Beerski is authority for calling it "the largest monument in the world," and the dimensions he gives would seem to warrant his statement. A moat two hundred and twenty yards across circumscribes the rectangular edifice, to which a broad causeway gives a noble approach. The building consists of a

series of quadrangular galleries, one within the other, each successive gallery being erected on a higher terrace, all being surmounted by towers that rise to a climax in one, the tallest of all, directly above the central shrine where an emerald Vishnu once dwelt inaccessible to the mundane gaze. In its longest dimension the building extends for more than half a mile, and the pinnacle of the topmost dome is two hundred and twenty feet above ground.

Angkor-vat was the product of a triumphant people gorged with wealth, whose stamina was already being eaten away by luxury. It was the last expression of a race doomed, even before its completion, to virtual extinction. Thousands of feet of *bas-relief* carvings decorate its gallery walls, picturing in endless variety scenes from the life of the time. The religious ceremonies, royal processions, pastimes, and domestic customs of a dead people are here preserved intact. In these stone tapestries (as they might be called) and the purely decorative patterns that accompany the human figures, the Khmer artist showed himself possessed of "the imagination of the Gothic worker, the gift for



© Frederick A. Stokes Company

"THE LARGEST MONUMENT IN THE WORLD"

View of the temple of Angkor-vat, last and most magnificent achievement of the dead Cambodian civilization. Before the *Khmers* put the final touches to this edifice (notice incomplete towers on left), they were mysteriously overwhelmed.

harmonious charm of the Greek, the power of the Renaissance craftsman, and that prodigality and wealth of ideas that can exist only in the East" (de Beerski).

Vishnu was the benign deity of Angkor's prosperity. Long before, in the tenth century, when after hundreds of years of turbulent, indecisive warfare the Khmer people was able for the first time to establish a united nation, they had paid their devotions to another member of the Brahman trinity, Siva, the terrible destroyer. In the Bayon, an older temple than Angkor-vat, we find his sanctuary, and his cruel effigy, calculated to express the philosophy of life of a people inured to massacre and despotism, stares from each face of the fifty-two four-sided towers which surmount it. At that time the Khmers were hardy and victorious soldiers. Later, when the mild Vishnu replaced Siva as their deity, they became better men, but worse soldiers, and could no longer withstand the onslaughts of their enemies.

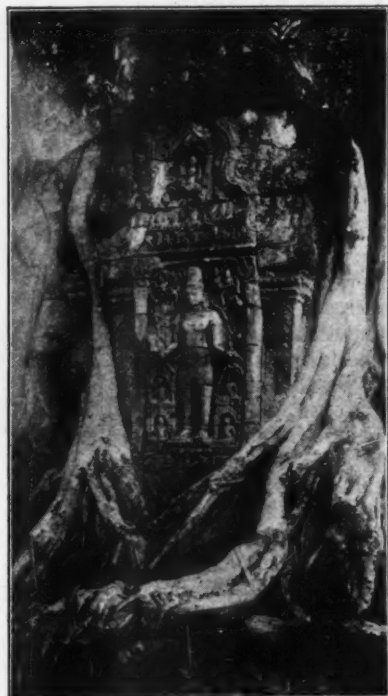
In civilization the Khmers must be rated at least as high as the ancient Egyptians. The Khmers were probably

ferociously cruel, indulging in human sacrifice; but their cruelty was matched by their courage. Their art in many respects is curiously primitive, and their technique shows no progression during the four centuries that they practiced it. Though perhaps remotely derivative from that of India, in substance it is purely original. The Khmers were not familiar with the arch, but neither were the Greeks. In sculpture, they were never able to imbue with vitality the human shape; the legs and torsos of their statues and *reliefs* are stiff and formalized. But into their carvings of the human face they were able to introduce the most delicate nuances of emotion. In this they are in striking contrast to the Greek sculptors, who excelled in carving the human body, but were commonly content with adding insipid abstractions for the human countenance.

A startling feature of this Cambodian art is its purity. In all the wealth of carvings which have survived and been studied, there is not even a suggestion of the lascivious or the obscene. Few other cultural traditions could make a similar boast, and Western civilization is hardly among the number.

No inkling of the Khmer civilization penetrated to the West until the twentieth century. When it was in its heyday, the East was unknown to Europeans, and when travelers finally penetrated to the Pacific, the East itself had forgotten the glories of Angkor. Though a literate people, the Khmers have left few written remains, for their writings were inscribed on perishable materials. The one contemporary source of information about them is a diary of a Chinese ambassador, and he was permitted to see the palace and temples only from a distance.

When the French discovered Angkor-thom, the jungle was as thick within its walls as without. Under their direction hundreds of natives are slowly pushing back the forest and replacing fallen stones, thus enabling the modern world to appreciate the grandeur of their own ancestors whom they have



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#### IN THE GRIP OF THE JUNGLE

A Cambodian sanctuary, once consecrated ground for a mighty people, now abandoned to the mercies of the dense tropical forest. "Nature has closed its fist over the temple, and squeezes, squeezes, squeezes, pitilessly and forever more." (De Beerski.)

forgotten. Little by little light is being shed on the melancholy mystery of a strange civilization, which sprang suddenly into full bloom, flourished brilliantly for a few hundred years, and then was abruptly swallowed up in the night of time. The jungle invaded everything. Statues fell into the moats over which they had held guard. Wooden doors rotted. Wild beasts made of the rooms their dens. And now a strange white race has appeared on the scene, their alien language resounding in the echoing gate. Before them the jungle is receding once more. But for how long can these presumptuous interlopers, come from afar, withstand the jungle's relentless pressure?

# Ibañez Seeks to Dethrone Alfonso

*Spanish Author Fancies the Pen Mightier Than the Scepter*

**D**ECLARING that the King of Spain is personally responsible for his country's "disorder, débâcle, and disaster," and that the immediate overthrow of the monarchy is imperative, Vicente Blasco Ibañez, best known, if not greatest, of living Spanish men of letters, announces his determination to work for a violent revolution in his native land. By thus plunging into the *mêlée* of politics, he has followed the example of a long line of the world's most distinguished intellectuals, including Milton, Shelley, Hugo and Anatole France.

"The King is a Germanophile and a liar," declares Señor Ibañez, in an interview in the *Paris Herald*. "He is responsible for the generals and their hirelings. He never utters a speech that is bad, but his actions are bad, and he shall be unmasked, although never before in history has such a coldly planned campaign been carried out against a monarch and his militarists. The days of the King are numbered. It will not take me long; the truth is too damning."

The author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has written a booklet entitled "A Nation Under the Yoke; or, Militarism in Spain," of which he promises to publish millions of copies to be distributed among his fellow-countrymen by airplane if necessary. He continues:

"I am determined to dethrone the King of Spain, and I will remain in exile until I shall have succeeded. I am ready to spend all my wealth to make my once great country a Republic, to save it from the monarchs and hypocrites who have brought it to its death."

The Spanish people have not risen overnight to carry out their would-be liberator's hopes. Acting Prime Minister Magaz in Madrid dismisses the novelist's outburst as the stunt of a

"publicity seeker who takes good care to remain out of reach of the Spanish law while he preaches the overthrow of the Government and blackens the reputation of the King." Acting on Magaz's orders, a meeting of liberals held in the *Ateneo*, or Free University of Madrid, has been broken up and wholesale arrests made, including General Berenguer, one of Spain's most distinguished political and military leaders.

Ibañez is carrying on his operations from the safe refuge of his comfortable villa in France. His grandiloquence has recalled the operatic stunts of d'Annunzio in the Fiume episode, and Señor Magaz has not been alone in charging him with motives other than those of pure, self-sacrificing patriotism. Ibañez has been living in comparative obscurity for a number of years, and his royalties have perhaps been falling off. He himself gives support to this suspicion by a curious postscript to his Paris pronunciamento. After expressing perfect confidence that Alfonso will be throneless within a few months, he makes the reservation that if he should fail he will make a world lecture tour! Comments the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*: "One was afraid so."

King Alfonso, the object of Ibañez's ire, is 38 years old and has occupied the Spanish throne since the day of his birth, as his father had died six months previously. Since coming of age, he has repeatedly insisted upon taking a vigorous rôle in the solution of his country's problems. His physical courage has been tried on numerous occasions by efforts to assassinate him. What sympathy Ibañez will arouse in America for his cause is problematical. Once Americans were prone to aid any attack upon monarchy, but to-day revolutionary movements are more likely to be regarded askance as akin to Bolshevism and an indirect menace to settled American institutions.

## Rupert Hughes Indicts Religion

*Well-Known Writer Tells Why He "Quit Going to Church"*

THE popular novelist and playwright Rupert Hughes has become an out-and-out Freethinker. He tells the world about it in an article in the *Cosmopolitan* which is being discussed all the way from Los Angeles, where he now lives, to New York City, his former place of residence. This article can hardly be said to uncover new ground, but it holds the attention by reason of its frankness and ferocity. Mr. Hughes, it is clear, is deadly in earnest. He has already mounted the rostrum to debate his principles with a prominent Los Angeles clergyman. He is well on the way toward becoming a crusader of the Robert G. Ingersoll type.

The editor of the New York *Truth Seeker*, the weekly which carries forward the Ingersoll traditions, has been, as it happens, one of the first to commend Mr. Hughes' article. He is practically the only publicist who has commended it. In most of the secular and religious papers in which the subject has been discussed, the article has been dismissed as "a diatribe," "superficial," "shallow."

It is Mr. Hughes' contention that the church, through nearly two thousand years, has been a curse to the world, not a blessing. He declares that he quit going to church, though he had been brought up in it, not because he was lazy or frivolous or poetically inclined to "worship God in the Great Outdoors," but because he came to believe that "what is preached in the churches is mainly untrue, or unimportant, or tiresome, or hostile to genuine progress and in general not worth while." He tells us that Buddhism, which he does not believe in, is "older and purer" than Christianity, and he goes on to say: "The God of the Christians never has been believed in by as much as a tenth of the world's population. Two or three

other religions have to-day far more followers."

Mr. Hughes has discovered "three hundred downright mathematical contradictions in the Bible." He found, even in his college days, that "its astronomy, geology, zoology, geography, hygiene and ethnology were simply ludicrous." He never could make any sense out of the idea of vicarious atonement, and as for Hell—he "simply could not stomach a God who could devise and conduct such an infamous institution."

There are some who have lost respect for the Old Testament, but who preserve their faith in the New. Mr. Hughes is not of the number. He devotes the most sarcastic passage in his article to an analysis of the Book of Revelation; criticizes the Apostle Paul as "a sinner," and writes of Christ:

"After 4004 years of almost universal damnation, something happened in heaven the details of which the churches have never quite agreed upon: God decided to beget a Son upon a Virgin. If Christ existed from primeval times I cannot see how God could beget Him again, or if that were necessary, it baffles me to understand why Christ was born as an infant and why He lived for over thirty years before He began saving the world; and then only spent three years at it, leaving it so unutterably bewildered that one of His disciples betrayed Him and one of them denied Him. Why is it that Christ Himself was not a Christian and that Saint Paul had to invent Christianity?"

Mr. Hughes is not convinced that church members are less likely to embezzle, flirt or be brutal than non-church members, or that Christians are more honest than Chinamen. He says, on the contrary: "Everybody knows that a man's creed has nothing whatever to do with his character or his conduct. To deny this is to deny every-day experience." The article concludes:



"If in anything I have written I have hurt or shocked any gentle soul or any cruel fanatic, let both realize that I speak with blunt sincerity, with eagerness only for the truth, with doubt only of oppression.

"For the present I am happier than any Christian I know. Now I have a wonderful peace of soul in letting the universe run itself and in trying to ride on it and keep out from under the wheels without trying to talk to the Motorman. If I have offended your God, your God is quick to punish when He is ready. He has room for me in His hell and fuel to spare. So let us go our separate ways: you to bliss, and I to blister."

All of which has naturally aroused indignation in religious circles. In several localities preachers have devoted entire sermons to the Hughes article, while the various Methodist *Advocates*, *Zion's Herald* (Boston), the *Churchman* (New York), the *Living Church* (Milwaukee) and other religious papers have published detailed replies to Mr. Hughes' arguments. The *Living Church* finds him, to some extent, "a product of the Bible-worship that passed as Christianity among Protestant sectarians a generation ago." It goes on to comment:

"We are not enamored with the phase of Christianity from which Mr. Hughes has emerged, and we well understand that with the collapse of the belief in the Bible as an infallible cyclopedia of science and of history, one trained in the strict Protestantism of the last generation should be completely at sea. Mr. Hughes shows that he did not even understand the religion in which he was brought up, but, even more, that he does not understand that there is a Christianity that is free from the defects of that Bible-worship. Of a religion of sacramental power, a Church that is the indwelling-place of the Holy Spirit, a Bible that is the product of fallible men whom Almighty God used as the instrument of His revelation without prejudice to their human limitations and ignorances; of a progressive revelation of Himself from primeval times, through a religion first anthropomorphic, then local, then tribal, then national, then racial, then catholic; of all this Mr. Hughes knows nothing at all."



THE ICONOCLAST

Rupert Hughes has surprised his friends by the vehemence of his recent onslaught on Christianity.

In connection with Mr. Hughes' statement that "the worst crimes in every nation were committed in the name of religion by religious people," the *Living Church* observes:

"This is a half truth. . . . Men did not sin, in any age, because they were Christians, but because they were men and had not so applied the sacramental power that is given in Christianity as to overcome their natural desires. . . . Does Mr. Hughes know any impelling power toward righteousness that is stronger than the Christian religion? Has he found the frank materialism which he now avows a greater impetus to right doing than even the parody upon Christianity which once he accepted? . . .

"To stand outside Christianity and to write of it so unintelligently that one ought to be ashamed of himself; to hold Christians up to derision and fail to see that the company of materialists which one has chosen for himself is not exactly a swarm of angels; to assume that rejection of Christianity, when one has found nothing better to put in its place, is a mark of intelligent progress: all this may seem wise and learned and fitting to Mr. Hughes. To us it seems exactly the reverse."



# Fosdick versus the Fundamentalists

## *An Effort to Break the Power of Sectarianism*

THE fundamentalist-modernist controversy, which has been raging in the American churches for several years, reached a new stage when the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, a few weeks ago, resigned his position as associate minister of the First Presbyterian Church in New York City. The issues involved in his resignation are in part doctrinal, but in even larger degree have to do with what is generally described as "sectarianism." They assume national and even international proportions by reason of the fact that Dr. Fosdick is a conspicuously successful preacher, occupying in the religious life of New York to-day something of the position that Henry Ward Beecher occupied in Brooklyn a generation ago.

Dr. Fosdick was ordained a Baptist minister. He teaches in Union Theological Seminary, whose student body this year contains representatives of forty different denominations, and he has been for nearly six years associated with the work of the First Presbyterian Church. The difficulties which culminated in his resignation may be said to have been started by the famous sermon that he preached in May, 1922, under the title: "Shall the Fundamentalists Win?"

Although he was careful in that sermon not to identify himself with the extreme modernist position in theology, he did state, in sympathetic language, the attitudes of those who could not believe in the virgin birth of Christ, the inerrancy of the Scriptures and the second coming of Christ, and affirmed his conviction that such disbelievers had a right to their places in the Christian fellowship. His argument, naturally, aroused the ire of the group whom he criticized, and inspired one of the leaders of that group, the Rev. Dr. Clarence Edward Macartney, pastor of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, to preach an answering

sermon entitled: "Shall Unbelief Win? A Reply to Dr. Fosdick."

This same Dr. Macartney, two years later, was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at its session in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and was prominent, as he had been previously, in working out the strategy of a movement designed to impale Dr. Fosdick on the horns of a dilemma. There was long discussion of the propriety of a Baptist minister continuing indefinitely in a Presbyterian pulpit, and a committee was appointed to inform him that if he could accept the doctrinal standards of the Presbyterian Church, as contained in its Confession of Faith, there could be no difficulty in receiving him, but that if he could not, he ought not to continue to occupy a Presbyterian pulpit.

Dr. Fosdick met the challenge implied in the committee's attitude by resigning his position and by refusing to join the Presbyterian Church. His refusal, he said, was based not on sectarian loyalties, but on his "long standing and assured conviction that creedal subscription to ancient confessions of faith is a practice dangerous to the welfare of the church and to the integrity of the individual conscience." He went on to say:

"In theology I hold the opinions which hundreds of Presbyterian ministers hold. I am an evangelical Christian. So many men of my position have been cordially welcomed into the Presbyterian ministry, as holding the substance of doctrine for which the Church stands, that I have no reason to suppose that the Presbytery of New York would fail to receive me. But, after two years of vehement personal attack from a powerful section of the Presbyterian Church, I face now an official proposal which calls on me either to make a theological subscription or else leave an influential pulpit. Any subscription made under such circumstances would be generally and, I think, truly interpreted as

moral surrender. I am entirely willing that my theology should be questioned; I am entirely unwilling to give any occasion for the questioning of my ethics. . . .

"There are many creedal statements such as the Augsburg Confession, the Westminster Confession, the Thirty-nine Articles, which express in the mental formulas of the generations when they were written abiding Christian experiences and convictions. I honor all of them; they represent memorable achievements in the development of Christian thought. But for me to make a creedal subscription in terms of any one of them would be a violation of conscience. . . .

"I recognize that the Assembly's decision concerns the particular relationship at the First Church and cannot fairly be interpreted as a general rule excluding the ministry of non-Presbyterians from Presbyterian pulpits. Nevertheless . . . it suggests a precedent. It encourages a return to the principle of a denominationally 'closed shop.' It represents, so it seems to me, a retrograde sectarian movement. As a convinced interdenominationalist, therefore, who does not believe in an exclusive but in an inclusive Church, I must not consent to the decision."

It remains to be said that in this controversy Dr. Fosdick has had the support not only of his congregation, who have won his consent to remain at the First Presbyterian Church as a "guest" preacher until next April, but also of a large section of the press, both secular and religious. We find, for instance, the *New York Times* declaring that the whole loss occasioned by Dr. Fosdick's resignation will fall not upon him, but upon the Presbyterian Church. "It will have convicted itself," the *Times* remarks, "in the eyes of the lay public not only of a certain denominational narrowness, but of the folly of giving up the services of a preacher whose good report has filled the whole city, become known throughout the entire country and reached the knowledge of the churches in England."

Mr. Nolan R. Best, an outstanding figure in religious journalism and editor of the hitherto liberal Presbyterian weekly, *The Continent*, has resigned his position as a result of the

unwillingness of the publisher of the paper to print an editorial championing Dr. Fosdick in outspoken terms. The suppressed editorial is printed in full in the *Christian Work* (New York) and in *Zion's Herald* (Boston), and Mr. Best is heartily commended in the *New York Churchman* as an editor who has "done a definite service to the religious press of America" by showing that "there are still editors who regard their task so seriously that they cannot be muzzled either by ecclesiastics or financiers." Mr. Best's editorial reads in part:

"It is unlikely that Dr. Fosdick will figure again in the succession of events which is now on the move. But the epoch resulting will be dated from the year of the 'Fosdick Case.' The supposition that there is a special Presbyterian gospel which the Presbyterian Church is under bonds to preserve as distinctive to this denomination, has been rendered utterly untenable by what has already happened. There is only a gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. And whatever manifold of interpretations and applications belong to it in any relation and place of life are as appropriate to the Presbyterian Church as they are to the universal kingdom of heaven."

One of the few dissenting notes in the religious press has been struck by the Unitarian *Christian Register* (Boston), which admires Dr. Fosdick's interdenominationalism, but deplores his theological conservatism. It comments:

"Dr. Fosdick has enough intellectual gift. He has virility disciplined to admirable gentleness and force. He knows the spirit of the time. His sanity and poise are remarkable. What talents for a task of the new age! But now, what of it? It is true crowds—crowds, mark you!—will hear him preach, but what does he preach? What does he write? Does even a social gospel come from him? Do the things he says show light and leading such as the world needs? Dr. Fosdick preaches elemental personal ethics. He gives no token whatever that there are new and nobler ideas to take the place of the old. Indeed, he only says, 'I am an evangelical Christian.'"

# Laying Bare the Human Soul

## Gamaliel Bradford's *New Character-Studies*

**A**S SAYING of Sainte-Beuve's, "All at once the surface of life is torn apart, and we read bare soul," has furnished the inspiration for Gamaliel Bradford's "Bare Souls" (Harper), a book that is being widely read and enthusiastically reviewed. Mr. Bradford deals, in this new work, with Voltaire, Thomas Gray, Horace Walpole, William Cowper, Charles Lamb, John Keats, Gustave Flaubert and Edward Fitzgerald, and, because of the richness of his material, is felt to have surpassed not only his previous book, "Damaged Souls," but also that masterly series of character-studies embodied in "Confederate Portraits," "Union Portraits," "Portraits of Women" and "American Portraits (1875-1900)." It has ever been Mr. Bradford's ambition to penetrate below the surface of life and to expose what is essential, permanent and vitally characteristic about a man or a woman. That he has been successful in his present venture is abundantly evident.

Take the study, for instance, of Edward Fitzgerald, the creator of "Omar Kháyyam." Mr. Bradford shows how the key to his character was idleness—an idleness made especially puzzling by the feeling of splendid abilities which might have done great things, yet did not. He searched all his life for something which might engage him fully, but he never found it, unless, perhaps, in the poetic absorption that led to the production of his masterpiece. The "Omar Kháyyam" is interesting because it affords an epitome of Fitzgerald's life: "the earnest, questing idleness, that haunting sense of power wasted because there is nothing in infinity adequate to employ it.

We are no other than a moving row  
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go  
Round with the sun-illumin'd lantern held  
In midnight by the Master of the Show."

Or take the study of Voltaire, in whom Mr. Bradford finds a dominant chord of destruction. He said himself: "*Je suis grand démolisseur.*" If we happen to dislike the things that he destroyed, we are bound to admire him. And even if we are utterly disgusted by some of his words and acts, we cannot deny an enormous vitality in him that, in itself, was a kind of genius. "From infancy to age," as Mr. Bradford puts it, "every particle of him seemed to live, to vibrate and quiver with an intense, inexhaustible, irrepressible animation, which entered into all his thoughts and deeds and extended itself to every thing and person that came near him. He might be angry, he might be discouraged, he might be weary, he might be desperate: he was never indolent and never indifferent."

As for Flaubert, the author of "Madame Bovary"—"the whole serious purpose of his existence was to interpret life in beautiful words." He was a thoroughgoing idealist and, as with so many of that type, the idealism soured into pessimism because it could never be satisfied. Mr. Bradford writes:

"The deepest pessimism does not spring from mere negation, still less from a fat and slothful materialism, which is apt to enjoy its senses and let the world go: the saddest pessimist, whether Madame du Deffand or Flaubert, is one who asks too much of life and of the living; one whose ideal is so high, whose conception of what men should be, of what men might be is so noble that the sordid reality, as it creeps upon the dull and muddy earth, breeds nothing but perpetual disappointment and despair. Human souls might be glorious in hope, in aspiration, in love, even in actual achievement, and they are—what they are."

Mr. Bradford sees in Horace Walpole a man who was all his life essentially

and in the highest degree a dilettante, that is, a person who somehow takes great matters by their petty aspects because he is incapable of taking them in any other way, even with the best will in the world. He was a dilettante statesman, a dilettante author, a dilettante art-critic and connoisseur. If he had one redeeming trait, it was that he knew his own dilettanteism, and did not insist that he was more serious or more lofty than he really was. "It cannot be denied," Mr. Bradford observes, "that there is something to be said for Horace Walpole's attitude." He goes on to comment:

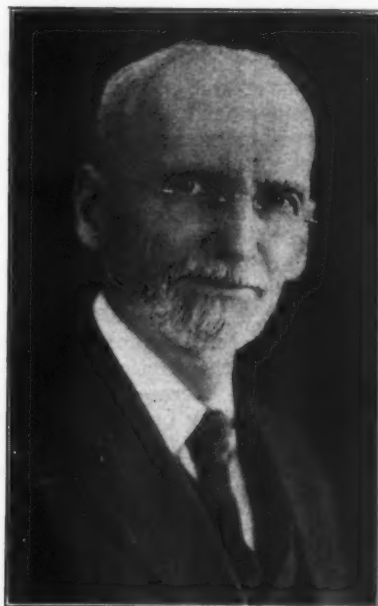
"The spectacle of the moving world is inexhaustible in interest and diversion, an endless comedy for those who take it from the thinker's angle. Perhaps the best chance of being happy, or of avoiding unhappiness, is to lose oneself in it. Yet it is a damnable reflection upon life, your life and my life, that the best thing to do with it is to forget it. And there is something to be said also for living with intense personal passion, to achieve success, to achieve glory, to help others, to make the world better. Such a passion is full of disappointment and failure and bitterness. It means tired limbs and nerves and sleepless nights. Others disregard our efforts and we ourselves despair over them. Yet if we were made for any purpose, it seems as if we were made to live really. Persons of Walpole's type trifle away existence and do not live at all."

The strangest and in some ways the most absorbing of the character-studies in "Bare Souls" is that which deals with William Cowper. It seems that this English poet, the author of "The Task" and of "John Gilpin's Ride," was obsessed, from the time of his youth until the age of seventy, by the absolute conviction that he was unalterably condemned to hell. This conviction was a product of religious mania and was fed by a delusion of "nocturnal voices." He attempted suicide over and over again, always realizing perfectly the absurd contradictions of his attitude, since he was only bringing himself nearer to the very end he dreaded. Yet "human nature," Mr. Bradford re-

marks, "is full of such inconsistency, and Cowper was like others, though he hated to think so." He continues:

"We chiefly think of him as we see him in the well-known portrait with the strange turban crowning the sensitive, austere far-gazing face. He lived and lived, somehow, in that cozy, drowsy atmosphere of English fireside routine. Women petted him, cats purred about him, he held endless skeins of worsted, cracked his little pleasant jokes, drank oceans of tea. And all the time within an inch of his unsteady foot opened that black, unfathomable gulf of hell.

"Yet is it not the same with all of us, with you and me and the man in the street? We laugh and dance and chatter and lie through our trivial daily life, and right beside us yawns the infinite abyss, for all we know with hell at the bottom of it."



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#### A NATURALIST OF SOULS

Gamaliel Bradford collects souls as other people collect beetles and butterflies. His amazing erudition and skill in distilling the "permanent essence" of character are bringing him international reputation.



## Strange Doings in the Arctic Circle

### *Explorer Reports a Vast Ice Menace and Polar Coal Fields*

NATURE is in a strange mood beyond the Arctic Circle. Glaciers are moving from their age-old beds, pouring greater quantities of ice into the sea than recorded history has known. Broad areas of land are sinking to new levels. A number of islands have disappeared. Such are the observations made by Donald B. MacMillan, returning from a 15-months' sojourn in the Far North. He reports, among other notable things, the discovery of extensive coal deposits within 600 miles of the Pole, indicating that the polar area once had a temperate climate and supported such trees and other vegetation as have left their carbon in the coal deposits of Pennsylvania. In other words, MacMillan is convinced, the climate of northern Greenland was once at least as mild as that of our own latitude to-day, and perhaps was even tropical. Further evidence that the North was not always frozen was found in banks of clam shells accumulated at an elevation of 1,200 feet, showing that water once flowed over a large surface of Arctic territory.

Among the questions prompted by such discoveries is the possibility that we wait at the threshold of a new glacial age. With the Arctic ice cap slipping nearer to temperate regions, it becomes an interesting problem as to how far the process may extend and how long it will go on. Every foot of advance means a corresponding drop in temperature. If the ice should come far enough, it would engulf the frontiers of civilization, then conceivably might sweep down the valleys of the continent into the sea, carrying all before it. The Hudson River was carved out by a glacial shift in times long past.

It is estimated to have been about 50,000 years since the earth went through its last glacial era. Ordinarily one of these periods will last 50,000 to

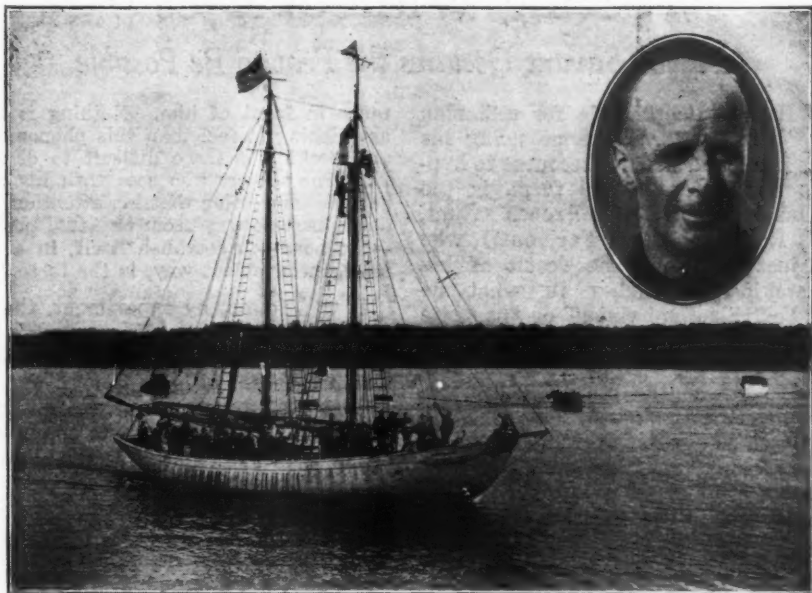
75,000 years. Scientists are not agreed as to the total number of periods that have occurred, possibly four or five, with an intermediate period of perhaps 25,000 years between the ice submersions. Donald MacMillan says, in the *New York Times*:

"The world has enjoyed warmth for twice the usual span of time. It is conceivable that another submersion lies ahead. I do not know and have no guesses to offer. But the ice is moving over a great stretch of territory. At the same moment Arctic land is sinking. The whole shore of North Greenland shows evidences of this recession. What we determined by scientific means was also a matter of common observation among the Eskimos. Old men of the tribes told me that they were certain the glaciers had moved. And the natives are building their igloos further inland every year as a result of seeing the shore recede.

"Some investigators seek to find a connection between this movement of the glaciers and the sinking of the earth. But I doubt that the two have any relation. It is hard to believe that even the weight of a glacier would press down the earth's surface. Instead, I think that this recession is another oscillation of the crust that envelops the globe. These oscillations have continued throughout the ages, as indicated by the appearance and disappearance of islands, plateaus and similar formations. To my mind, the important connection between the two movements is the fact that they are taking place at the same time, proving the Arctic regions not to be in a static condition.

"The first creditable maps of the North are seventy-four years old. Looking at one of these maps, I was impressed by the number of islands former explorers had noted which have now wholly disappeared. Some of the land indicated also is very doubtful, proving that the Arctic has undergone a transformation even in so brief a time as seventy-four years. There can be no question that the earth and glacial movements have quickened in the last few years."





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BACK TO MAINE AFTER 15 MONTHS IN THE FAR NORTH, DONALD MACMILLAN  
REPORTS IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES

He and the crew of the schooner *Bowdoin* were, in their polar absence, constantly in touch with the affairs of civilization by means of the radio.

MacMillan has confirmed earlier reports that Arctic coal exists on a broad scale, veins of twenty-five feet showing plainly. He describes the coal as of an excellent quality, and especially welcome in the ship stove when the atmosphere outside touched a matter of forty degrees below zero.

Ellesmere Land contains one of the important coal deposits in north latitude 81.40, some 520 miles from the Pole. The nearest shipping point would be Etah, 78.20, which is 200 miles from the open veins.

This particular deposit was chanced upon in an odd way. During a thousand-mile dog-sled-trip across Davis Strait and into Ellesmere Land, an Eskimo brought in a fragment of the precious coal. He had seen it burned by the white men elsewhere and conjectured that it would be welcome. That

night a merry campfire burned in the midst of the frozen expanse.

Another extensive deposit of coal lies near Lady Franklin Bay, only nine degrees from the Pole. It is of the same general quality as the Ellesmere veins. In the island of Disco, near South Greenland, twenty mines are under operation by the Danes. Other deposits are likely. There also is copper and cryolite in South Greenland, but no other valuable minerals are known to exist in the Arctic.

One of the outstanding achievements of the cruise was the extensive experiments carried on in connection with atmospheric electricity and terrestrial magnetism. These experiments were conducted for the special purpose of extending knowledge in the field of compass control, and the results promise a new measure of safety to navigation.

## Seeing Without Eyes

### *French Savant Declares the Feat to Be Possible*

**T**HAT it is possible for a human being to see without using his eyes, and without recourse to hypnotic suggestion in any form, is the conclusion reached by a French savant, Jules Romain (Louis Farigoule), who has just published the result of his painstaking researches in what he calls "extra-retinal vision" or "paroptic sight." In order for this paroptic sense to function, the normal eyesight, and to some extent the normal consciousness, must be abolished, another state of consciousness being induced in its place. In his book "Eyeless Sight," M. Romain contends that practically anyone may attain some degree of success in developing extra-retinal vision, by constant experimentation upon himself.

Various areas of the body seem to be instrumental in rendering possible this secondary vision. These are: the finger-tips, the forehead, the back of the neck, and particularly the skin of the chest, over the "solar plexus." The sensation of sight seems to be somehow transferred to these regions. Sometimes objects are perceived which would lie wholly outside the normal field of vision—when apparently seen by the back of the neck, for example. Sometimes the objects are merely placed in space, at a distance of about a yard from the subject, and in front of him.

There seem to be two types of paroptic vision; in the first, the subject feels that he somehow sees with the sight-centers of the brain, in the usual manner; this M. Romain calls "homo-centric vision." In the second, the subject sees with his "solar plexus"; this is called "heterocentric vision." The subjective experiences associated with this latter type of vision are thus described:

"... One day the experimenter notices with surprise that when his head is raised he sees with his chest an object at a dis-

tance in front of him. Nothing is more astonishing to feel than this phenomenon, and nothing is more difficult to describe . . . The subject who sees with his chest has the impression that his attention goes down in some way from its usual position—the head—to establish itself, in a tiresome, inconvenient way, in the torso."

It was found, by experiment, that as soon as the normal optic apparatus was stimulated in any way, this secondary vision ceases. It is as though the secondary vision were acquired only after much effort, with return to the normal order of things as soon as the slightest opportunity is given.

How may this remarkable phenomenon be accounted for? M. Romain believes that it represents a power, still possessed by all humanity in a more or less limited degree, which was originally inherent in all living beings. The most simple organisms seem to possess a sort of diffused sense or sight, all over their bodies, which becomes specialized, into the eyes and general optic apparatus only among the higher organisms. These organs having usurped the special function of sight, the rest of the body loses it; but M. Romain feels that it has never been lost completely, and that by means of suitable experiments it can again be stimulated into activity.

But, as the *Scientific American* comments, this would indicate that there are still left within the skin hundreds or thousands of very minute and primitive "eyes" capable of reacting to the stimulus of light in an appropriate matter. Can this be shown to be the case? As the result of his researches, M. Romain believes that he has proved the existence of such primary organs, or ocelli, to which the paroptic sense must be attributed. Each of these, as he sees them, is morphologically constituted of three parts. There is nerve-ending, described under the name me-

niscus or hederiform (ivy-like) termination. Then there is a coarse oval cell of granular protoplasm, clearer than that of neighboring cells, and equipped with a voluminous nucleus of extreme refractory powers. This has been noted and described as a sensory cell. Finally there is a nerve fiber supporting the expansion, and linking it with the system of ocelli. Of the character and operation of the ocelli we read:

"The whole organ is strictly oriented outwards. Physiologically it is a rudimentary eye, microscopic but complete. It includes a refractile body, constituted by the oval cellule; an ocellary retina, constituted by the meniscus expansion; and an optic fiber, constituted by the nervous supporting element. Normally it is functionless; but by continued practice, these organs can be sufficiently stimulated so that actual vision of external objects occurs through them."

## Rickets Cured by Violet Rays

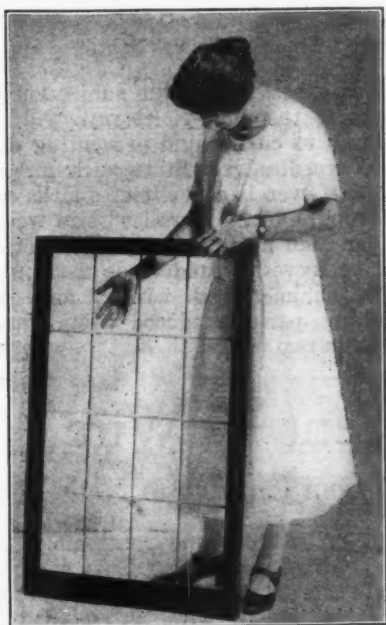
*Remarkable Experiments on Chickens Are Made In Maine*

**A** TIME when rickets, bow-legs and convulsions will be foreign to children, a time when chronic tonsilitis, rheumatic afflictions and tu-

berculosis in its early stages may be unknown to adults is foretold by President Clarence C. Little, of the University of Maine, and Dr. W. T. Bovie, of the Harvard Medical School, in announcing the results of experiments with mercury vapor lamps in which clear fused quartz instead of glass was used.

Two hundred and thirty-three chicks experimented upon at the Maine institution were divided into two groups. One containing 125 chicks received no artificial light; the other contained 108 chicks which were periodically bathed in ultra-violet light. In ten weeks the latter attained a bony growth equal to that attained in twelve weeks by every chicken under direct sunlight. Furthermore, Dr. Bovie reports, every chicken which received light only through window glass developed rickets, a disease developed by none of those which received ultra-violet treatment or direct sunlight, the reason being that ordinary window glass cuts off from the sun the ultra-violet, or invisible short-length, rays which are essential to the growth of most living things.

Each pen of chicks experimented upon was three feet above ground and each had floor space 3 x 4 feet. To insure that all were under the same conditions alternate pens were used for the control and treated chicks. To prevent crowded conditions additional pens were



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**FIRST FUSED QUARTZ WINDOW IS  
FRAMED AT JOHNS HOPKINS**

It promises to greatly expedite the cure of tubercular and weak-boned victims of heredity or environment.

built when the chicks became five weeks old, and the groups were divided so that each pen contained but twelve chicks. All the pens were kept in as sanitary condition as possible and each was provided with a dust bath. All chicks received a diet of scratch grain, dry mash, sour milk, rock grit and water. A few were given green food in addition. To quote Dr. Bovie:

"The results of these experiments are of great economic value because it is the common experience of chicken growers that the death rate of chicks at the age of four and five weeks is very high. These experiments show that this death rate can be reduced by supplying the chickens with ultra-violet light. The chickens receiving this ultra-violet light are not only larger than the chickens which did not receive it, but they are livelier and more vigorous in every way.

"The secondary sex characters did not develop in the chickens which were deprived of the ultra-violet light. These characters were very fully, if not excessively developed in the chickens which did receive the ultra-violet radiation.

"Another interesting phase of the experiments is that all of the chicks receiving the ultra-violet light lived with the exception of a few the rats killed. About 75 per cent. of the chickens in the pens deprived of ultra-violet light or outdoor sunlight died from a disease known to chicken growers as 'weak legs,' but which we term rickets.

"The X-ray photographs show a failure of the deposit of calcium and phosphorous salts in the bone. Since the deposit of

these salts is necessary to bone growth, leg weakness is a disease of growing weakness. A failure in calcium and phosphorous metabolism is, of course, not peculiar to the growing animal. The results are conspicuous in a growing chick. Similar results may be expected in any physical process having to do with the deposition of calcium and phosphorous salts, as, for example, in egg production.

"We have reasons to believe that experiments which are now under way will reveal that sunlight is as important to profitable egg production as it is for growth of chicks, and that the lack of light will be revealed by a study of the production of egg shell in laying hens.

"The importance of these experiments would be very great if they were only applicable to the raising of chickens. But they are quite as applicable to the raising of children; for the disease known as rickets, which afflicts over 90 per cent. of all the babies raised in northern countries, where it is necessary to keep children indoors and to use window glass to shut out the cold, can be cured by a proper exposure to the ultra-violet light."

It is expected that the subjection of chicks to the ultra-violet rays will, in addition to curing and preventing disease, expedite growth to such an extent that even in cold climates birds can be brought to the "broiler" size weeks earlier than now, while egg production will be increased and made more uniform, summer and winter, and the hatching period reduced from three weeks to two weeks.

## Colored Pictures Sent by Wire

*A. T. & T. Engineers Phone Them from Chicago to New York*

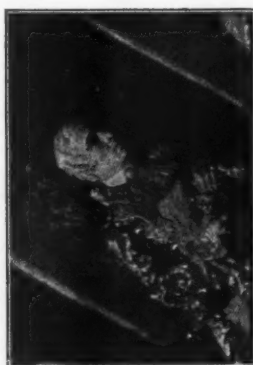
COLOR<sup>ED</sup> pictures can be transmitted on telephone wires. In a test conducted the other day by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, a colored picture placed in a sending machine in Chicago was reproduced in New York in all its original colors within half an hour. The actual colors, it seems, are not sent over the wire but are separated at the

point of sending and reassembled at the point of receiving. This achievement succeeds that of transmitting ordinary pictures by wire, as recorded in CURRENT OPINION last July.

In detail the process of transmitting colored pictures is simple. For the test a picture was selected in which red, yellow and blue predominated. It happened to be a picture of Rudolph Val-



YELLOW PLATE



RED PLATE



BLUE PLATE

Pictures such as this of Rudolph Valentino are sent over telephone circuits with lines at different angles and printed from three different plates with lines at angles to each other to prevent (1) overprinting and the production of one predominating color in the final product, and (2) objectionable geometrical patterns when the three are superposed.

entino, the movie star, in the character of Monsieur Beaucaire. As in ordinary color photography, in this colored picture transmission the mixing of red, green and blue light, by means of three projection lanterns each furnished with a proper colored glass over its lens, enables the operator to make white light when the three colors are in a given proportion of intensity; and all other colors, including yellow, orange, violet, blue-green, etc., when the proportion of the three primary colors is altered.

The process of making a three-color photograph consists in making three negatives of the original object each through a color filter, as it is called, which in combination with the color sensitiveness of the photographic plate makes a record of the amount of the primary colors which will be needed to mix with the others to reproduce the color of the original object. Thus the filter corresponding to the red projection lantern must transmit light from a photographed object to the amount which red light is going to be used in order to copy the color of the original. An orange color, for instance, will be recorded partly through the taking filter for red and partly for green; since

red and green light are mixed to produce orange.

When the three record negatives are obtained they may be used to make a color picture in any one of several different ways. Transparency prints from the negatives are placed in three projection lanterns and projected on a white screen in red, green and blue light, the three images being accurately superposed one on the other. Or three transparent films can be prepared and laid one over the other. In this case the colors used are not red, green and blue, but the complementaries, blue-green, crimson and yellow, which mixed with the primaries make white. The object is not to add lights to each other, but to successively absorb the primary colors from the white light. Accordingly the red record is printed in blue-green, so that where the red record is black, the transparency film will obstruct all the red light coming through, the green record is printed in crimson, the blue record in yellow.

To send a three-color photograph over the wire, all that is necessary is to send three black and white record transparencies made from the original three-color negatives.





**E**VER recurrent and of never failing interest, both to those who create and those who appreciate poetry, is the old question of what constitutes a poem—how is it made, out of what hinterland of feeling or calculated meditation does it emerge. Anyone who professes to enjoy verse is a potential critic; but how seldom is the Average Reader able to analyze his own reactions. A simple emotion is called forth by a simple sentiment; the more sophisticated mind will respond to a finer-spun fabric of ideas and images. And so on through all the various degrees of spiritual and intellectual acuity.

In the *Saturday Review* an attempt is made to classify the various steps to be taken to a fuller, if not a complete, comprehension of poetry. Three stages of development are usually gone through, according to this critic:

"At first the lover of poetry likes simple, sensuous poetry made up of familiar emotions expressed in figures readily grasped. He likes the 'Village Blacksmith' and 'Auld Lang Syne.' In the second age of poetry the reader seeks for ideas. It is his mind that craves exaltation and his emotions are best reached through his intellect. He ponders Browning, discovers Donne, quotes Meredith and Emerson, tries to read Goethe in the original, and dismisses the merely beautiful with some contempt. The third stage is further sophistication. We grow weary of ideas in poetry and seek only for emotional expressiveness. The line counts more than the thought, the image is an end in itself."

Too many definitions are perhaps an admission of sterility, or at least of a self-consciousness fatal to free expression. No amount of discussion can alter the high authority of a fine line, and it

is a consoling fact that the poets, whether they admit it or not, are fortified in this knowledge.

Carl Sandburg's definition of poetry as "a series of explanations of life, fading off into horizons too swift for explanations" is the kind of comment which illuminates with signal sympathy the work of his fellow Chicagoan, Edgar Lee Masters, who has just brought out a second Spoon River Anthology ("The New Spoon River": Boni and Liveright). After the first impact of these dramatic epitaphs, as they were printed in Reedy's *Mirror*, we are somewhat prepared for the disappointment of anti-climax. And it is true that a prodigality of characters and a multiplicity of detail have dulled the edge of Mr. Masters' blade. The temper is there, but we look in vain for the continuous, clean stroke which cut so deeply into the living flesh. Less like a catalogue of virtues and vices and more in the mood of poetry is the following, from the latest collection:

BERTRAND HUME

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

**T**O recall and revision blue skies;  
To imagine the summer's clouds;  
To remember mountains and wooded slopes,  
And the blue of October water;  
To face the shark gray spray of the sea;  
To listen in dreams to voices singing,  
Voices departed, but never forgotten;  
To feel the kisses of vanished lips,  
And see the eyes of rapture,  
And hear the whispers of sacred midnights. . . .  
To live over the richness of life,  
Never fully lived;  
To see it all, as from a window that looks

Upon a garden of flowers and distant hills,  
 From which your broken body is  
     barred. . . .  
 O life! O unutterable beauty,  
 To leave you, knowing that you were never  
     loved enough,  
 Wishing to live you all over  
 With all the soul's wise will!

Margaret Widdemer, always the  
 champion of the Submerged Tenth,  
 takes us back stage for a moment and  
 lets us into the confidence of one whom  
 we have all met but rarely known. The  
*Outlook* prints this character study of a

## WAITING MAID

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE bedroom doors close tight,  
 The window-shutter locks. . . .  
 I can take off my smile to-night  
 And put it in its box.

I can unclasp my gallantry  
 And slip my courage down  
 And stand up stripped of stiffened pride  
 That covers like a gown.

I need not serve this little while  
 That I have shut the door,  
 Nor flatter Life with gratitude  
 Till morning comes once more.

As one who has made no compromise  
 with modernism in its more eccentric  
 discursions, the author of the following  
 poem has finely challenged an answer to  
 this eternal query, in the *Yale Review*:

## THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

BY JOHN HALL WHELOCK

HEAVEN is full of stars to-night; the  
     earth  
 Lies hushed, as she shall lie some day,  
     perhaps,  
 When life and death no longer trouble  
     her—  
 No voice, no cry in the whole countryside.  
 The empty road rambles through field and  
     thicket,  
 And in the road are prints of hoof and  
     foot:  
 Along the surface of this lonely planet,  
 Now naked to the hunger of the stars,  
 Man and beast, on the old pilgrimage,  
 They passed together here—not long ago.

What was it they were looking for I wonder,  
 Or if, themselves, they knew? Where  
     were they going?  
 Footsteps—always footsteps going some-  
     where—  
 What country is it that they all are seek-  
     ing,  
 Who up and down the world by night or  
     day  
 Move with such patience, always to one  
     end?

Not the least sound. Not the least leaf  
     disturbs  
 The immemorial majesty of heaven.  
 Footprints—only footprints going some-  
     where.

Wherever they were going, they are gone.

Vers de Société—that pleasant by-  
 product of poetry—can be tediously  
 pedestrian or delicately adept, but it is  
 always a challenge to good workman-  
 ship. Austin Dobson and Andrew Lang  
 have added a dignity to this kind of  
 writing which is likely to outlast much  
 that is more serious and more mediocre.  
 Heading F. P. A.'s "Conning Tower"  
 column in the *N. Y. World*, we notice  
 this well-wrought ballade:

## BALLADE OF BIG PLANS

BY DOROTHY PARKER

*She loved him. He knew it. And love  
 was a game that two could play at.—  
 "Julia Cane," p. 280.*

ONCE the orioles sang in chorus,  
 Once the skies were a cloudless blue.  
 Spring bore blossoms expressly for us,  
 Stars lined up to spell "Y-O-U."  
 All the world wore a golden hue,  
 Life was a thing to be bold and gay at;  
 Love was the only game I knew,  
 And love is a game for two to play at.

Now the heavens are scowling o'er us,  
 Now the blossoms are pale and few,  
 Love was a rose with thorns that tore us,  
 Love was a ship without a crew.  
 Love is untender, and love's untrue,  
 Love is a moon for a dog to bay at,  
 Love is the Lady-That's-Known-As-Lou,  
 And love is a game for two to play at.

Recollections can only bore us;  
 Now it's over, and now it's through.  
 Our day is dead as a dinosaurus.  
 Other the paths that you pursue.  
 What is the girl in the case to do?  
 What is she going to spend her day at?  
 Fun demands, at a minimum, two—  
 And love is a game that two can play at.

## L'ENVOI:

Prince, I'm packing away the rue.  
 I'll show them something to shout  
 "Hooray" at.  
 I've got somebody else in view;  
 And love is a game that two can play at.

A stark adequacy and an unmistakable sincerity of feeling underlie the lines of this lyric, from *The Nation*:

## GIFTS

BY MAY WILLIAMS WARD

I HAVE had lovers and would-be lovers.  
 One brought burning lips;  
 One, a restlessness such as hovers  
 Over ships;  
 One brought a whirlwind of merry-making;  
 One, his first-born song—  
 (For a little I might have been his for  
 the taking,  
 Not for long.)  
 So many disturbing gifts—even the singing—  
 And not a giver guessed  
 I shall be won by a lover bringing  
 Only rest. . . .

After too many years of inaccessibility, E. P. Dutton has re-issued a new and enlarged edition of William Griffith's "Loves and Losses of Pierrot." On the surface the book is a simple tale, a lyric sequence, costumed in motley and formalized in dialogue. Standing before the curtain of his puppet-booth, Mr. Griffith reminds the reader that "this Pierrot is nothing but a Poet, and this Pierrette is nothing but Beauty." Perhaps it is permissible to accuse the author of intentions more far-reaching. Gently and without any verbal ostentation, Mr. Griffith has written a miniature *Comédie Humaine*, wherein a good deal of Everyday can be had for the seeking. Here are two selections from the volume:

## PIERROT DISPOSSESSED

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH

SOMETHING, in evil guise,  
 Baser than Baal,  
 Taking me by surprise,  
 Sought my betrayal.

Something, of evil look,  
 Harkening after  
 Pierrette, stole in and took  
 My gift of laughter.

Spying our candle light,  
 Something came straying  
 Like a thief in the night,  
 Pierrette waylaying.

Was it that Pantaloon,  
 Whose silly caper  
 Had been to swear the moon  
 Was made of paper?

Or was it Harlequin,  
 Whose necromancy  
 Sufficed to let him in  
 And take her fancy?

From me the villain stole  
 Love—and professing  
 Poverty, took the sole  
 Thing worth possessing.

Fool, to ransack the sky,  
 Seeking a sonnet,  
 Instead of ways to buy  
 Pierrette a bonnet!

## PIERROT WRITES HIS EPITAPH

BY WILLIAM GRIFFITH

MINE was to hurry  
 No passing bell,  
 Having no credit  
 In heaven or hell.

Nor mine to worry  
 And droop and mope  
 Over the siren  
 Shadow of hope.

Ring from the steeple  
 This epitaph:  
*Pierrot saw through them,*  
*And died to laugh.—*

Saw through the people  
 Who seldom smile;  
 And made her happy  
 A little while.

Echoes of the Greek Anthology, Emily Dickinson and the incisive music of Japanese poetry are heard in these three quatrains from the *Step Ladder*, official organ of the Chicago Bookfellows:

## SOMETHING LOST

BY RICHARD KIRK

WHEN I have lost my self-respect, do I  
Search well the ground where, hidden,  
it may lie?  
No, I forsake it like a pebble tost,  
And shrewdly scan the place where yours  
was lost.

## A GOOD DEAL OF EVERY DAY

A GOOD deal of every day  
Is only something wrapped around  
Something that perhaps you may  
Be sometime very glad you found.

## SHE WOULD TALK

SHE would talk to a stone,  
Or to a grass-blade by it!  
I wonder where she's gone,  
If the Lord loves quiet?

Once in a while we run across a poem which needs no debating. Such a one is the following from *Poetry*, wherein Mrs. Kilmer strikes a note which will be universal among women so long as wars are waged:

## AGAINST THE WALL

BY ALINE KILMER

IF I live till my fighting days are done  
I must fasten my armor on my eldest son.

I would give him better, but this is my best;  
I can get along without it—I'll be glad to have a rest.

And I'll sit mending armor with my back against the wall,  
Because I have a second son if this one should fall.

So I'll make it very shiny, and I'll whistle very loud,  
And I'll clap him on the shoulder and I'll say, very proud:

"This is the lance I used to bear!"  
(But I mustn't tell what happened when I bore it.)

"This is the helmet I used to wear!"  
(But I won't say what befell me when I wore it.)

For you couldn't tell a youngster—it wouldn't be right—  
That you wish you had died in your very first fight.

And I mustn't say that victory is never worth the cost,  
That defeat may be bitter but it's better to have lost.

And I mustn't say that glory is as barren as a stone—  
I'd better not say anything, but leave the lad alone.

So he'll fight very bravely and probably he'll fall.  
And I'll sit mending armor with my back against the wall.

Very often, in the lyrics of Edna Millay, for example, we feel an inevitability of word and phrase which contradicts the axiom that "genius is the capacity to take infinite pains." Identical in effect is this lyric by a young poet whose artistic future has become more than a promise. We reprint it from the *Measure*:

## SUPPLIANT

BY GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN

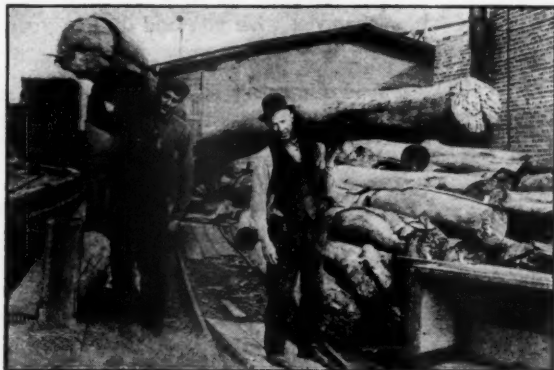
I HAVE such need of understanding hands,  
Great hands whose artistry is human-wise;  
I have such need of eyes in these blind lands—  
Your hands, your eyes.

I, too, have need of quiet words that stir,  
Of flaming words to comfort, to appease—  
I come then to your voice a worshipper  
And ask for these.

I laid aside your hands, your voice, your eyes,  
One day in an ecstatic virgin vow—  
For one high moment I was proud and wise—  
But oh, not now!

## A Wood Lighter Than Cork

*Its Name Is Balsa, and It's Floating Into Commercial Prominence*



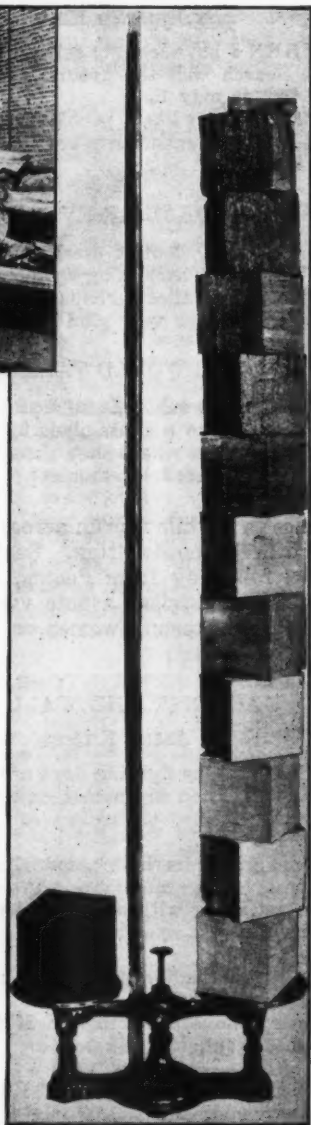
© Nature Magazine, Washington, D. C.

### LUMBERJACKING MADE EASY

Above, men loading balsa trunks for shipment. Right, world's lightest and heaviest woods balanced. One block of "quebracho" outweighs more than eleven blocks of balsa.

**W**HAT is the lightest wood in the world?" asked Edison in his famous questionnaire, and few were able to answer off-hand. This distinction of superlative lightness belongs to a tropical American tree known as the balsa. Its wood is lighter even than cork, which is only a bark. "Balsa" is the Spanish word for raft, and the tree was so named because the Spaniards who conquered Central America found the Indians using its rough-hewn trunks for rafts. According to the botanists, the balsa tree is akin to the mallows, the hollyhocks and cotton.

Balsa is rapidly finding many commercial uses. During the World War thousands of mines in the North Sea were attached to balsa floats. Its extreme porousness makes it a most efficient non-conductor of heat, and so it is being employed in the manufacture of refrigerator plants. It is competing with cork in many of the latter's functions. As in its normal con-





dition the wood decays rapidly, for commercial employment it has been found necessary to treat it chemically to preserve it.

"It is interesting to note," writes R. N. Davis, curator of Everhart Museum, in *Nature Magazine*, "that in the tropics there are great extremes in the density of woods. While we have no wood that will sink in water when seasoned, many of the woods of the tropics have a greater specific gravity than water when green. Among them are the *quebracho*, ebony and *lignum vitae*. In our temperate latitudes the trees do not go to such extremes. Our lightest

wood is considered the *arbor vitae*, with a weight of twenty pounds to the cubic foot, while our heaviest is hickory, which weighs fifty-two. [Water weighs 62.5 pounds per cubic foot.] Some specimens of the balsa weigh only seven pounds to the cubic foot, while some of the heavy woods run into the eighties. While there are extensive forests yet in the tropics, the trees are either extremely light and soft or else are very heavy and hard to handle. The tropical forests are made up of numerous species mixed together, and few of the trees are adapted to general purposes like our conifers and hardwoods."

## Goldfish Farming Is a Growing Industry

*Still in Its American Infancy, Being Only 35 Years Old*

**M**ORE than five million goldfish are being produced for the market annually at one "farm" in Indiana. Almost as many are being raised in Maryland, and millions of others are being shipped throughout the West from breeding centers in Iowa and Kansas. The goldfish industry, though only thirty-five years old in the United States, is growing steadily and the ordinary varieties now command prices ranging from \$15 to \$45 a thousand.

Goldfish fanciers are well organized throughout the country. They hold goldfish "shows," where particularly beautiful or grotesque specimens are awarded, if not ribbons, at least prizes. They are judged on "points" just as carefully as are horses or dogs.

From time immemorial goldfish breeding has been a favorite occupation of the Chinese, and

the Japanese adopted it early from their neighbors. Early European travelers in the Orient brought home fantastic accounts of the beautiful fish they had seen in the Celestial Empire, and finally, in the 17th century, a few specimens seem to have survived the journey to England. Goldfish were



© National Geographic

### A FISH "FARM"

Terraced pools of Grassyfork Fisheries, Indiana, where millions of goldfish are bred every season. In winter when the pools freeze the fish are removed to safety.

brought directly to the United States from the Far East for the first time in 1878.

According to Hugh M. Smith, writing in the *National Geographic Magazine*, "the goldfish is the most extensively cultivated and most widely used of all purely ornamental creatures. In the number and distinctiveness of varieties that have been produced by cultivation, it holds front rank among animals." The special charm of the goldfish lies in its plasticity. It responds to selective breeding with great readiness, assuming the most fantastic shapes and colors.

Curiously enough, the goldfish is a purely artificial product. It is a domesticated variant of an olive-green member of the carp family found in Chinese waters; and the marvelous coloring which makes the goldfish attractive to mankind is the result of albinism. All goldfish are albinos. The only exception is the rare and highly prized black variety, which, instead of being a carp afflicted with albinism, is a carp afflicted with "melanism", or a surfeit of color pigmentation.

To-day there are in the United States about a score of well-recognized goldfish varieties, besides several minor types. The most bizarre have "telescope" or "celestial" eyes, protruding grotesquely from the head. These eyes, according to the *National Geographic Magazine*, are developed solely by selective breeding according to laws of heredity; and not, as is often supposed, by some cruel course of treatment. Goldfish with telescope eyes are so short-sighted, however, that they will sometimes blind themselves by running into obstructions.

Some highly prized varieties of goldfish have fins so enormously developed that the small body seems only a nucleus for a misty, waving veil. On others the scales, which are usually conspicuous, are so thin and transparent as to be invisible. In the matter of color, red and mottled variants are not unusual. The Japanese, who specialize in graceful forms, have produced purple fish, whereas the Chinese breeders excel particularly in achieving grotesque products.

## Uncle Sam's Conscience Accounts

### *Mystery Shrouds a Growing Fund in the Treasury Department*

CONSCIENCE-STUNG individuals are every few days sending in to the Treasury Department at Washington sums of money to make good frauds that they have perpetrated on Uncle Sam. Since the administration of President Madison, when the first contribution of five dollars came in, the Conscience Fund, as these remittances are popularly called, has risen to nearly \$600,000, writes James C. Derieux, in the *American Magazine*.

Almost never do those who send in money to the Conscience Fund give their authentic names; usually they remain anonymous and do not even explain how they originally came to mulct the Government. Contributions have varied from a postage stamp to \$30,000;

some have come from far lands, and many from children. At present the annual receipts from this source amount to about \$5,000.

The largest contribution, that of \$30,000, was accompanied by a brief note stating that this was the final instalment of an \$80,000 payment, which represented four times the amount of money that the sender had stolen. Little children not infrequently contribute a few cents to make good cancelled postage stamps which they have used illegally, and these small remittances are often accompanied by the most pathetic notes showing the mental tribulations suffered by the writers. After the Civil War one veteran sent in \$200 for a mule he had stolen, and another paid for the

saddle blanket that he had not returned to Uncle Sam. The second largest contribution ever received was for \$18,000, and it was addressed directly to the Collector of Customs of New York.

Often the influence of religion prompts remittance. According to the *American Magazine*:

"One of the largest payments ever listed in the Conscience Fund came from England, and was transmitted through the United States consul in London. An English minister came to him with \$14,225.15,

which one of his communicants had taken, the minister said, from the American Government. This man had gone for some time without saying anything about the money; but then he joined the Church, and his act in embracing the Christian religion had quickened his conscience."

The Government never attempts to pierce the veil of secrecy which hides those who send in money to the Conscience Fund. The contributions are disbursed just like any other funds in the Treasury.

## A "Perfect Forger" Comes to Grief

### Disclosing a "Fool-Proof" System of Check-Kiting

ONLY one "fool-proof" scheme for committing the "perfect forgery" has ever been devised, and its agile-minded inventor, a man known to the police as F. Mayer, is to-day languishing behind penitentiary bars. Forgers as a class are the aristocrats of crime, depending for their success upon their wits rather than their physical prowess, and accounts of their ingenuity and boldness are repeatedly appearing in the daily press. But all their schemes for defrauding banks have some fatal weakness, according to C. F. Robb, who is in charge of the forgery division of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, except the one worked out by Mayer. And the theoretic perfection of his plan has not prevented his arrest.

It was Mayer's practice to begin operations in a fairly large city by opening accounts in several of its banks, his largest account running to about \$5,000. By "kiting" checks back and forth among these banks, he would make himself known to the various tellers as a man accustomed to handling sums of considerable size. He had to do this carefully, because his appearance was against him. He looked like a crook. After these preliminaries, writes Reuben A. Lewis, Jr., in the *American Bankers Association Journal*:

"Mayer would go to the bank where he had his largest account and ask that a certified check be issued to him for substantially all of the money remaining to his credit. From the genuine check he would make four or five duplicates. Mayer was a clever penman and his forged checks were skillfully done.

"Mayer would visit in turn the other banks, where he had small accounts. Inasmuch as he had cashed checks for some time, he had no trouble establishing his identity. While the check would be for several thousand dollars, it would bear apparent certification and appear to be good. Mayer generally had little trouble in getting the banks to honor the certified checks. If a teller took the precaution of calling the issuing bank on the telephone to inquire if it had made out such a certified check, he would gain confirmation. This act served as a safeguard for Mayer, because he would thus be warned against endeavoring to cash the other bogus certified checks.

"But even the 'perfect' forgery scheme cannot be worked with impunity. Mayer succeeded in defrauding Kansas City banks out of \$27,000 and made his escape. A few months later he was walking down the streets of Los Angeles when a teller who had honored one of the bogus checks in the middle western city recognized him as the master forger. Mayer took to his heels with the former teller in hot pursuit, and the criminal lost."

At the recent annual convention of the National Bankers' Association, esti-

mates were presented showing that the operations of forgers exact a toll of more than \$100,000,000 every year in the United States. But, though the total is huge, no professional forger succeeds in evading the talons of the law for long. Each "operator" devises

a favorite method which works for a time. But he does not know when to stop. The details of his scheme are broadcast throughout the country, his features become known, and after a few successful *coups* he finds himself suddenly apprehended.

## Bobbed Hair Craze Hits Old Industry

### *European Peasant Women Unable to Market Their Tresses*

PARIS reports consternation among French peasant women in certain regions over the economic effects of the bobbed hair vogue. These women are finding one of their regular sources of income cut off. They, and their mothers before them from time immemorial, have made a practice of selling their locks to itinerant hair-dealers, and now the hair-dealers are coming around no more.

The women of southern France and Italy have long contributed the best grades of hair to the commercial hair market. We read, in *Chambers's Journal*, that periodical markets are held in the country villages of those countries and the shearing of locks there almost assumes the nature of a ceremony. "The collector takes up a position in the village market-place and erects a big umbrella with his name on it, and, after a price has been arranged according to the value of each head of hair, the girls take their seat beneath it in succession while he plies his shears."

English and American women, it is said, possess hair of a high quality, but they are not in the habit of selling it. In Italy the value of the "cuttings" amounted to more than half a million dollars annually before the war, and in France and Germany the figure was almost twice as high. With the disruption of the exchange and the inroads of the bobbed hair craze, the status of the industry is somewhat hazy. The "human-hair merchant" used to enjoy a lucrative profession requiring a long apprenticeship. Thus:

"He must of necessity know all about what may be called the national characteristics of hair. The hair of a Frenchwoman differs in structure from that of an Englishwoman, for example, though to all outward appearance it may seem exactly the same. The hair merchant must be able to take a strand of hair between his fingers and tell simply by touch what country it comes from. Expertness of the kind is not a matter of weeks or months, but of years. He will tell you that of all kinds of hair the pure white is the most rare and costly.

"Races and nations have varying hair characteristics. Jewish women, for instance, have curly hair in a larger proportion than is found with any other race. It is gratifying to the English sense of patriotism to know that the women of Britain have the best colored and finest quality of hair, while the Americans are a good second. The Germanic type tends to over-production of straw-colored tresses. A curious phenomenon is seen in the case of Frenchwomen, whose hair in general seems slowly getting darker. The Swedes have fine light hair, but it is almost invariably distressingly straight. Some of the finest whole heads of hair are found in the mountainous regions of the north of Italy. At the bottom of the scale come the Chinese."

In observing that the hair of Frenchwomen is growing darker with the passage of years, the writer in *Chambers's Journal* unconsciously lends interesting corroborative evidence to support the contention of Lothrop Stoddard, author of "The Rising Tide of Color," who maintains that the dark-haired Alpine race is slowly overwhelming the light-haired Nordics in France.





**A**LL the talk and pother lately about the degeneration of colyumnizing seems to have caused but few ripples on the pond of newspaper humor. The daily portion of jest and gibe continues to be delivered with the morning milk bottle, and there are no visible desertions from the ranks.

Don Marquis, following his disgruntled remarks on the futility of attempting to be funny on order, has registered his protest and expressed his boredom by printing each day in "The Lantern" (N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*) an instalment of a comedy from his own pen. This play has been running, sectionally, for some weeks, while Mr. Marquis, it may be presumed, disports himself on the links, or ruminates over the more serious problems of life in front of a comfortable open fire. Incidentally, a good number of his "fans" have been wondering when they may expect a return to normalcy.

Keith Preston has his own idea of how best to liven up the art of colyumizing. In his "Hit or Miss" department in the Chicago *Daily News* we find this suggestion:

Good results in "radio farming" have been obtained by working a small tract with high-tension conductors, says Prof. Blackman of London. That sounds like just what colyumming needs—less space and more high-tension conductors.

At least, there is no slackening up on the part of Mr. Preston. His flow of puns and comic comment goes on with artesian vigor. A few of his recent "cracks" follow:

Babe Ruth is in disgrace with the Federation of Labor for advertising a

non-union-made shirt. Looks as if the only way for Babe to square himself is to be photographed in his union suit.

Skirts are going up and sleeves are coming down, reports Paris. The occupied area apparently will remain about the same as heretofore.

Suits wired for electricity have been issued to the *Shenandoah's* crew. When the wearer feels cold all he has to do is to back up to a plug, connect himself and warm up. No doubt these conveniences will soon be available to all of us. What we want to know is whether base plugs or plug hats will be the swagger installation.

The old pirates were more honest than the pirates of Rum Row. The former hoisted the skull and crossbones to the masthead, while the latter don't even put it on their bottles.

Most parents want their children to grow up, says a paragrapher in *Life*, but not so Jackie Coogan's.

Make hay while the sun shines is the motto of the Coogan family.

A Buffalo man has been sent to jail for offering the judge a pint of "tolerable good whiskey." A good case is the least one should offer before the bar of justice.

When it comes to turning a bright bit of verse, Keith Preston has no peer, save perhaps in F. P. Adams at his happiest. Witness this quatrain, hardly to be equalled in compactness:

#### LINES TO A MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN

Within that shell we may not see behind  
Thy agile shifts betray the master mind;  
Ah, little soul, so active though unseen,  
From thee may I too learn to use my bean.

Now that the cross-word puzzle has become as much of a family institution





as the Ford and the radio, the fad is receiving its quota of "kidding" at the hands, or typewriters, of the columnists. Cartoonists, too, are taking their fling at this popular pastime. F. P. A., from his "Conning Tower" in the N. Y. *World*, observes:

Our notion of a Fiend in Human Form is a person who borrows the Cross-Word Puzzle Book from the Public Library, solves all the puzzles, and fails to erase his solutions.

Quite in the manner of his Chicago confrère are these two quips culled from F. P. A.'s "daily dozen":

Prof. Leopold Auer, Seventy-Nine, Weds Bride of Forty-Nine.—Post headline.  
The witching Auer.

If it isn't one thing in a newspaper office, it's another. "Want to go to a Bach concert with me to-night?" asked Miss Alison Smith. "No," answered her hero—for it was indeed Mr. Russell Crouse—"I'm offen Bach."

Down in Tennessee, S. F. Horn, editor of *The Southern Lumberman*, continues to mix quips with chips and wise saws with sawdust. That nothing in the news escapes Horn's twinkling eye is shown by the following paragraphs from his magazine:

Mr. Ford says we should treat our bodies like automobile engines. But who wants to treat his liver like a flivver?

Senator Willis states that he hasn't seen a man take a drink for three years. We are sorry to learn that the Senator has gone blind.

As we understand it, the Japanese do not object to being treated in an ungentlemanly manner just so it is done by a gentlemen's agreement.

Mr. Coolidge has discontinued shaking hands with visitors but will permit them to file through his office and see him at work, probably feeling that the sight of a Wash-

ington official at work ought to be sufficiently novel to satisfy anybody.

No item of news, however prosaic or sober, escapes the eagle eye and impertinent pen of H. I. Phillips, of the N. Y. *Sun*. With the flimsiest sort of a press dispatch to build on, Mr. Phillips can turn out half a column of ingenious foolery, embroidering his theme with a gaily colored thread of fantasy. Take this flight of nonsense from his "Sun Dial" column, for example:

Scientists and engineers are busy arranging things so the next war can be taken by everybody without feeling it. Devices have now been completed, according to Major-General Squier, by which flocks of pilotless airplanes can spread gases over an enemy country and put the people to sleep.

#### Possible Communiqué

I have met the enemy and he is ossified. Attack opened at 6 A. M. Enemy took laughing gas nicely and went to sleep at 6.10. He delivered counter attack, consisting of two mammy songs, a speech accepting the nomination for the Presidency and a fierce argument insisting that he was the Emperor of Japan. We are holding well against his delirium. In addition to taking his country we will take his watch, cuff links and shirt studs. Enemy resting quietly at late hour. Pulse 78. Temp. 99.

Gen. Aphasia (M. D.).



## The People's Telephone

The telephone knows no favorites. It does the bidding of the country store and of the city bank. It is found in the ranch house kitchen and in the drawing-room of the city mansion. Its wires penetrate the northern forest, stretch across the prairie, are tunneled under city streets.

The telephone knows no favorites. Its service to all the people is of the same high standard—the Bell System standard. Twenty-four hours a day it carries the voices of all. For the benefit of all, the long-distance circuits are kept in tune. Numberless discoveries and improvements developed by the Bell System have made the telephone more useful for all the people. In America, all can afford the telephone, for Bell System service is the cheapest, as well as the best, in the world.

The telephone knows no favorites. It is not owned in any one locality or by any particular group of men. It is owned by 350,000 stockholders, who represent a cross-section of the thrift of the whole country. The owners of the telephone are those it serves.

In America to-day the 15,000,000 telephones of the Bell System contribute to the security, happiness and efficiency of all the people.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

**BELL SYSTEM**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service*



# FINANCE & INVESTMENT

**T**HREE considerations always must determine the suitability of an investment to an investor's needs. These three are, first of all, safety; second, yield; and third, marketability. For the average security purchaser the first consideration is paramount. The second consideration, yield, is important, but far less so than the first. And the third consideration, ready saleability, is incidental and relatively unimportant.

It is not individuals but corporations and banks which must lay stress upon this feature of marketability. Their funds have to be kept liquid; their assets have to be available to meet emergencies; their investments must realize as nearly as possible one hundred cents on the dollar at a moment's notice.

But individuals are in a far more fortunate position. They can afford to tie up capital in safe securities at satisfactory yields whether or not an instantaneous sale awaits the offering of them on the market. The chances are all against their wanting to put them up for

sale—that is the reason. They invest “to have and to hold,” not to buy and sell, trading one issue for another every few weeks.

Safety is the great requirement, though not the only one. If it were the sole requisite, an investor might purchase United States Government bonds and the issues of cities, counties, villages, school districts, road districts and other taxing subdivisions—and dismiss everything else from his mind.

From the individual's point of view the extreme safety and ready marketability of these bonds is offset by their

low yield. Here again is a variety of investment rather suitable for banks than private individuals. Banks like these issues because they can put their idle funds in one day and get them out the next. Such bonds are high-priced and give a low return to the investor. Individuals with large incomes find them desirable because of the tax-exemption feature, and they are excellent investments for savings banks and trust funds, but the general public will always look a little

**E**VERY man, every woman, every child and every business has a certain definite need of investment. This need varies greatly. The school teacher, the physician, the head of a growing family with a modest income, requires entirely different investments than does the great city bank, the huge corporation or the active business man of large income. Likewise, the widow and minor children who have no earning-power, and who are dependent on investments for all or a part of their income, require investments that meet an entirely different situation. Although different classes of investors make widely different demands, there are so many different types and classes of investments that there is an investment, usually many of them, particularly adapted to the needs of any person. It is solely a matter of selecting the proper investment, very much as you would buy shoes and clothing that fit you. And it is undoubtedly true that virtually every person needs the economic shoes and clothing called investments just as he needs the garments and shoes that protect his body.—Samuel O. Rice, Educational Director of the Investment Bankers' Association of America.

## A N   E X T R A   M E A S U R E   O F   S E R V I C E

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## EFFICIENCY

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A DEAR, DEAD WORD — efficiency, long associated with time studies and stop watches. In defining performance measured against time its use is probably justified but, for this institution, we profess efficiency as a matter of organization—over 2200 trained employees—of invested capital—over 60 million dollars—of experience gathered through sixty years of the nation's change and growth, of worldwide connections, of constructive policy and of earnest purpose, supplemented by capacity to serve.

The result is fairly denominated banking efficiency and it contributes to the *extra measure of service* normal to this institution.



*The* **CONTINENTAL and  
COMMERCIAL  
BANKS**  
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RESOURCES MORE THAN 500 MILLIONS

**100% Safe  
Since 1855**

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company is under the same ownership as Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company which was founded in 1855. Thus holders of Greenebaum Bonds enjoy the advantage of dealing with the oldest First Mortgage Banking House.

Combined Resources over  
\$35,000,000

## Safeguarding Your Money

For generations thousands of careful investors have safeguarded their funds by investing in Greenebaum First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. You, too, may secure the benefit of this Bank Safeguarded Service for your Savings — plus the advantage of 6½% interest while still obtainable.

## 69 Years' Proven Safety

A definite system of Bank Safeguards, provided for every Greenebaum Bond, has resulted in this unequalled record of safety. For 69 years the principal and interest on every Greenebaum First Mortgage Real Estate Bond has been paid when due.

### Send for Investors Guide

This valuable book, sent without charge or obligation, will show you how to obtain complete investment satisfaction wherever you live. Coupon attached for your convenience.

## Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

FOUNDED 1855 — CHICAGO  
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BOND SERVICE OFFICES IN 300 CITIES

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Please send me without charge or obligation copy of Investors Guide and current list of Greenebaum offerings.

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Street.....

City..... State.....

*Greenebaum Bonds—100% Safe Since 1855*

askance at them because of their comparatively low yield.

The proper selection of investments has been rendered simple and easy by the nation-wide investment service built up by banks and investment bankers throughout the country. Because of this service it seems unreasonable that anyone should sink his savings nowadays in questionable securities.

In the first place there are our Government bonds, and those of foreign governments which for many years have maintained the highest sense of honor in promptly discharging their debts. Then there are forty-eight States and our insular possessions, Panama, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and so on, all of whom offer dependable bonds. There are 3,037 counties in our forty-eight States, and these are subdivided into many thousands of cities, villages, school districts, road districts and similar subdivisions with taxing powers and power to issue bonds.

Finally there are upwards of 300,000 business corporations, many of which offer securities based on stable, efficiently managed businesses. When it comes to the proper relation between safety, interest yield, marketability and the general suitableness of a given investment to the needs of an individual investor, advantage should be taken of the dependable services of the established, proved, security dealer, skilled in selecting the safest and most suitable bond for every type of investor.

EVERYTHING points to the steady improvement of industry. Gains over recent months are very general. A recent survey by the National Industrial Conference Board covering the month of August shows that a definite upward tendency had begun to manifest itself even at that date.

The sudden curtailment of industrial and business operations last spring, followed by cautious, hand-to-mouth buying methods for immediate needs only, has worn down inventories to a point where stocks must be renewed or the Christmas business foregone entirely. And no sane business man or buyer will fail to stock up for this



**BENJAMIN FRANKLIN** wrote "Remember that money is of a prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six, turned again it is seven and three pence, and so on until it becomes one hundred pounds. The more there is of it the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker." He thus told the wisdom of keeping funds steadily invested and reinvested—reaping the full benefits of compound interest.



## When Is a Good Time to Buy Bonds?

**T**HOSE of widest experience have learned that funds for investment should not be kept idle awaiting problematical developments in the bond market. They know that, in the long run, the steady employment of such funds is the better policy. To wait for lower market prices is always uncertain; in interest lost, you may pay a material forfeit for the waiting.

Bonds should be bought for security and income. When exchanged or traded in for speculative profit, the essential purpose of this form of investment is perverted.

### *Invest Systematically*

Moreover, the habit of steady, systematic investment of funds as they come to hand, increases the accumulation because it helps avoid unnecessary spending. And, when prompt

reinvestment of bond interest is also practised, the growth of principal is surprising.

To the investor who desires to make the safest and most productive use of investment funds, it is especially valuable to become a client of a large resourceful house such as Halsey, Stuart & Co. Such an organization has broad investing experience gained over many years. It knows values. Its operations are extensive. It underwrites—not merely distributes—bonds of many types. So, it can help the buyer diversify his holdings to the best advantage.

### *Complete Service*

Halsey, Stuart & Co. facilities meet every need of the conservative bond investor. Its issues are high grade. Its service has the qualities which only a large and broadly experienced organization can provide. Through several offices, and by correspondence, this service is readily available.

"BONDS—QUESTIONS ANSWERED; TERMS DEFINED"—This booklet, indexed for ready reference, covers questions which observation has shown most frequently present themselves to investors when selecting or handling bond investments. The experienced as well as the beginning investor will find it valuable. Ask for booklet CO-12.

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## Write for our Investing Booklets and our Anniversary Gift Lamp Offer



Forty-four years ago Mr. J. Lewis Cochran, founder of Cochran & McCluer Co., established this investment business in Chicago. Sound investment judgment and business methods resulted in a steady, healthy growth. Today, Cochran & McCluer is recognized as one of the foremost conservative First Mortgage Banking Houses of the country.

### 7% Bonds We Now Offer

We have for your selection issues of 7% Bonds all secured by new high-grade Apartment Buildings in the exclusive North Shore district of Chicago. The city that has a greater population than any one of 36 States in the U. S. A. The city that has a greater yearly growth than the total population of the Capital of the State of Illinois. The city whose unique natural location has made it the third largest city in the world, and assures continued prosperity. Titles to all properties securing Cochran & McCluer Bonds are guaranteed by Chicago Title & Trust Company (Capital and Surplus over \$22,000,000). As Trustee it certifies each bond as a genuine first lien. Maturities from 2 to 10 years are offered in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1000—normal income tax paid.

### Our 44th Anniversary Gift Lamp

Symbolical of the light of safety, which has guided our investors, is the beautiful Multi-life Electric Lamp with which we commemorate our 44th anniversary. This lamp, by the operation of an inconspicuous switch, gives any degree of light from a faint glow to full intensity—a feature found in no other lamp.

As a token of appreciation to our old customers, and as a welcome to new investors, on the occasion of our 44th anniversary, we are presenting one of these Multi-life Electric Lamps to each purchaser of a Cochran & McCluer First Mortgage Bond.

### Cochran & McCluer Service

There are Cochran & McCluer First Mortgage Bond Investors in every state of the Union. Our service includes Cash Bond Sales and Monthly Payment Plan. Our anniversary gift lamp, sent to each investor is an additional reason for immediate action. We employ no salesmen to urge you.

### FREE BOOKLETS—Helpful to investors

Write for them today. Just fill out and mail the coupon.

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Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation your "44th Anniversary Gift Lamp Offer" and information about your 7% Certified First Mortgage Real Estate Gold Bonds. No salesman will call.

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## We Don't Know How Old You'll Be In 1936

But we do know that you will look younger and feel younger with a private income than you will with the recollection of wasted opportunities.

Put \$100 a month—or less or more—in 5½% Guaranteed PRUDENCE-BONDS and compound the interest for 12½ years, and at the end of that time you will have a permanent monthly income for life equivalent to your monthly investment now.

Send for booklet and get ready for 1936

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Under supervision of N.Y. State Banking Dept.

Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send booklet "Prudence-Bonds Provide the Guarantee that Prudence Demands."

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Christmas. It promises to be one of the best seasons for trade in several years.

Even during the slow summer months when the recent depression was at its height—or depth—employment figures showed 71 per cent. as many workers gainfully occupied as at the top of the boom, June, 1921. Such a comparison is perhaps misleading, but at least it is fair to point out that to-day employment is considerably better than in 1914. There have been abnormal fluctuations in the ten years, but there has been no recession for the whole period—rather, there has been an advance. A curious fact, offered as evidence of increased employment now over the summer months, is the increase of nearly one half hour per week per wage-earner, and more than an hour per working day in plant operation.

The recent industrial depression was moderately severe, yet, strange to relate, the wage level has (with trifling



**W**E had never seen him before, but evidently he knew us, at least by reputation. He walked into our office and bought \$25,000 of Miller First Mortgage Bonds.

"A friend of mine happened to tell me that he had put some money into Miller Bonds," he explained. "That set me to thinking that Miller Bonds are a good thing for any business man to have in his deposit box—just in case anything goes wrong with his other investments, and to increase the average yield of his bond holdings."

Miller First Mortgage Bonds are an excellent investment for the reserve funds of men of affairs—safe on their record—profitable because they pay up to 7% interest. Owners find them sufficiently liquid to meet their needs.

It's time to think about the reinvestment of your year-end funds. A great many investors who heretofore have bought only Government, railroad, utility and industrial issues are putting a part of their funds into first mortgage real estate bonds. The interest rate is appealing, the safety record compelling. Write today for information about the Four Distinguishing Marks which make Miller First Mortgage Bonds unique.

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# MILLER FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

# IT IS TO YOUR PROFIT

When you buy bonds to know that they are safe.

To be sure that the bonds you buy are safe, examine the record and the safeguards of your investment house.

The American Bond & Mortgage Company has stood the test of time for over 20 years. Its founders and senior officers have been active exclusively in the real estate investment field for near to half a century.



"Our Successful Record" is a detailed record of the First Mortgage Building Bonds sold by this company.

"The Formula of Safety" states in comprehensive language the many safeguards which surround the First Mortgage Bonds we now offer for sale.

These booklets will be sent free upon request. Ask for

Literature C168



## AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

ESTABLISHED 1904

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exceptions) been maintained at the high 1923 rates. Average hourly earnings of all workers, according to Industrial Conference Board figures, are still 127 per cent. above the July, 1914, level. Even their "real" earnings as measured in the purchasing power of depreciated dollars are about 40 per cent. above what they enjoyed in 1914. Incidentally the cost of living has gone down 20 per cent. from the high peak of June, 1920.

ACCORDING to reports recently made public, the net operating income of Class A railroads in the United States for the month of September totaled \$116,718,000. It was by far the largest month of 1924, and it breaks all records except for one month, July, 1918, when the carriers of the first class earned \$138,155,848.

If the September earnings could be taken as the average for the year they would be the equivalent of earnings of 5.60 per cent. on the tentative valuation figures of 1923, as against 4.40 per cent. in September a year ago. However.

## A SAFE 7% INVESTMENT FOR YOUR JANUARY FUNDS



SINCE 1900 the average increase in assessed property values in 10 large Southern cities has been over 500%.

The scene below is Tom Pitts' corner at Five Points, in the heart of Atlanta. This corner is considered one of the five best retail corners in the country. In the background is the massive Hurt building, the eighth largest office building in the country.

## Invest where your money earns 7% safely

**THE** South today offers the greatest opportunity to investors in first mortgage real estate bonds—the profitable yield of 7% backed by steadily enhancing security.

Adair Protected Bonds, created and safeguarded by the South's Oldest Mortgage Investment House and the Oldest Real Estate Agency in the United States, are secured by income-producing properties in the larger Southern cities, where assessed property values are doubling every few years.

59 years' experience in making first mortgage investments without loss to a single investor or without a delayed interest payment protects the holders of these bonds and assures that interest and principal will be promptly paid when due.

Issued in serial maturities of 2 to 12 years. Denominations \$1,000, \$500 and \$100. Registered as to principal if desired. Coupons payable in New York, Philadelphia and Atlanta.

Mail the coupon today for descriptive circular of a recent 7% issue.

Price: To Yield 7%.

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Please mail descriptive  
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Bond issue, recommended by you as a safe investment.

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NO LOSS TO ANY INVESTOR IN FIFTY-NINE YEARS





## Discover the Fortune that Lies Hidden in Your Salary

**T**HERE now is a remarkable plan which will make it surprisingly easy for you to build up a comfortable sum—to discover the fortune that lies hidden in your salary. This entirely different plan is explained in an extremely interesting book, "Ali Baba's Cave Rediscovered." It tells how much to set aside each month to accumulate \$10,000, \$25,000 or even \$50,000 in a certain time.

It outlines for you the most successful plan ever developed for the scientific accumulation of money through investing in First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. The rapid way in which money grows through the magic power of compound interest when invested according to this plan is a revelation to the average person.

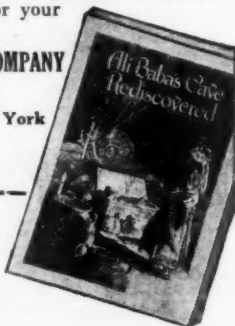
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Please mail me, without  
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of your Free book, "Ali  
Baba's Cave Rediscovered."



Name .....

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although the net income in September of this year was high, the gross income showed a falling off. The larger net is due to economies in operation, as well as to improved business conditions.

Operating expenses were reduced 8.4 per cent., as compared with September a year back.

A new high record in car loadings—the highest ever reached, in fact—indicates that business in general is very much improved. Goods are being bought and shipped in unprecedented amounts. It is true that the steel industry is operating on the basis of 65 per cent. of capacity, but their forward business continues to grow, and they recently showed their confidence in the future by declaring not only the regular quarterly dividend on the common, but a 50 cent extra dividend.

The enormous improvement in the agricultural outlook has begun to have its influence on the whole country. Banks in the corn and wheat belts are looking forward to balancing their books for the first time in several years this autumn. Conditions vary greatly with various localities but in general it is estimated that 50 per cent. of the net farm income will be used to pay off old debts, ten per cent. to reduce farm mortgages, many of which were incurred during the war period, and the rest will come back into circulation for needed purchases, holiday buying and winter supplies.

**U**P to November 3 more than a billion dollars worth of foreign loans had been placed in the United States this year, reports the *Annalist*, and adds that this stupendous total may well be increased before the year 1925 is ushered in to a billion and a half.

Prior to the war—indeed prior to 1920—the people of the United States had very little capital invested in foreign loans. In 1920 the total amounted to less than 300 millions. In 1921 it rose to 379 millions, and in 1922 to 431 millions, but it fell away the following year to 242 millions. And now, as 1924 draws to a close, the total is soaring up into the billions.

There are two very striking things about these investments. In the first

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Nature and Man have combined their forces to make this a great city.

You can have a part in its development and still invest safely and conservatively by purchasing the Real Estate Mortgages and Real Estate Mortgage Bonds we offer, amply secured by improved Seattle property.

They bear interest at the excellent rate of

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the stage of hasty decisions and appreciate the value of information, promptly available and courteously furnished.

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Helpful booklet on trading methods sent free on request.

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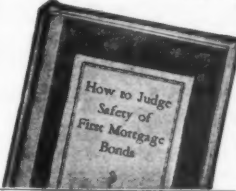
Do You Judge  
a Bond's Safety by  
Facts and Figures?

**N**INE requirements—fundamental and easy to understand—should be met in every bond you buy. While it would take a lifetime of study to learn *all* about bonds, these nine tests of safety, as given in the book "How to Judge Safety of First Mortgage Bonds," can be mastered in a half hour. They will protect you in the selection of investments. A complimentary copy of the book will be sent to any investor on request.

**7%** First Mortgage Bonds offered by Caldwell & Company embody definitely superior features of safety made possible by the normally strong demand for money to finance the steady growth of prosperous Southern Cities.

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Maximum safety and high returns are not the only reasons why thousands of people prefer these Washington first mortgage real estate notes to anything the investment market affords. Many conditions that make for safety, stability and high yield exist in Washington, D. C., that are found in no other city in the world.

How, by methodical monthly saving of small sums, anyone, whether his income is large or small, can realize 6½% on these carefully selected securities, is explained in our new Free Book—"Safety Supreme." This book also explains in detail the numerous features of a plan that absolutely relieves investors from all worry or anxiety.



A copy of this valuable booklet is yours for the asking. Simply mail postcard or letter with your name and address. You will be under no obligation. No salesman will call. Write today.

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place almost without exception these issues are quoted at prices higher than they were offered. They have almost all of them appreciated in value. The second thing of striking interest is that they are almost all foreign government loans, rather than loans to private individuals or private enterprises. Our American investing public is rapidly gaining confidence in the honesty and stability of foreign governments, but is still rather chary of foreign enterprise.

Sooner or later, according to the far-seeing ones in the investment market, America is bound to become the financial backer of private enterprise abroad. The rehabilitation of Europe depends upon it. The forward-march at twentieth-century tempo of the whole world depends upon it.

Already American dollars have gone into French railway and steel companies, Belgian chemical works, Norwegian street car lines, telephone and telegraph companies in South and Central America, hydro-electric schemes in Italy, Norway, Austria and Japan, and sugar and railway companies in Cuba, to say nothing of a wide variety of enterprises in Canada.

Our people have put \$12,000,000 into bonds of the Industrial Mortgage Bank of Finland, \$22,000,000 into the Industrial Bank of Japan, and \$19,900,000 into bonds of the Oriental Development Company, Ltd., of Japan. And these are only a few examples among many.

The extent of the opportunity, as the *Annalist* says, "is greater than ever before in the world's history."

## Investment and Financial Booklets

CURRENT OPINION'S Investment and Finance Department will be glad to have any of the following investment and financial booklets sent to its readers free of charge by the companies issuing them. Just check the booklets you want and write your name and address on the coupon below.

- ☐ How to Make Your Money Make More Money—  
American Institute of Finance
- ☐ Build Your Income on Prosperity's Path—  
Southern Bond & Mortgage Co.
- ☐ How Fast Money Accumulates at 7%—  
Adair Realty & Trust Co.
- ☐ Diversified Investments  
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**T**HE recent London Motor Show has just inspired Professor A. M. Low to publish in the *Tatler* an Utopian vision of the motorized future of the world. Some people, he says, refuse to look beyond the ends of their noses. They appear to imagine that the present is final, and they may even predict a return to the "good old days," when all around them the most astounding and far-reaching changes are in process.

It was not so long ago that competent authorities declared the utmost endurable speed at which mankind might travel was thirty miles per hour. Greater speed, they dogmatically informed us, would produce instant death. Already the human frame has withstood one hundred fifty and two hundred miles an hour with comfort and two hundred fifty miles an hour at a pinch. The latter is something of a strain still, but who would now be so rash as to dogmatize upon its being the ultimate in endurable speeds?

Professor Low paints a most alluring picture of the driving comfort to be had in the future, regardless of road development, solely through the perfection of spring suspension. He declares that our descendants will look back upon the "saloon-bodied perfection" being claimed for present-day cars as a ludicrous over-statement, inasmuch as later developments will make present "perfection" seem medieval.

And as for the engines, we shall scarcely be able to recognize them, so refined and subtilized will they have become. Among other factors which have already begun this development is, according to Professor Low, the super-charger. By mechanical means it in-

sures a proper charge of exploding mixture reaching the cylinder under all conditions. He ventures the prediction that before many years have passed, "all airplanes and motor cars worthy of the name will be fitted with this device." It gives the ordinary stodgy touring car the liveliness of a stripped down racing chassis and renders the most inflexible engine flexible as a rubber glove—or so he seems to think.

The second line of development for the gasoline motor is in the direction of the multi-cylinder, low-horse-power engine. Instead of the thundering "forty," familiar to our youth, we shall have five to eight horse-power motors, burning the cheaper oils on semi-Diesel systems, tending eventually toward a petrol-fired steam turbine. The engine that is to come will probably be about one foot long, and not more on the average than six horse-power rating, but nevertheless capable of carrying a load of four stout gentlemen in great comfort at forty miles an hour.

There will be no gear box. All our elaborate apparatus of variable gears will be replaced by something infinitely more compact and indestructible—electric transmission, electrical gear shifts and the variable worm. The variable worm will be accompanied by a variable-compression engine. All drivers in the future will demand hill climbing performance such as to-day is achieved only by the most expensive cars. Each owner will only need to touch some tiny button or lever on his wheel assembly to rush forward up a slope or stop abruptly at the touch of his finger.

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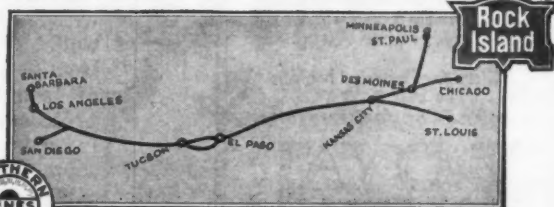
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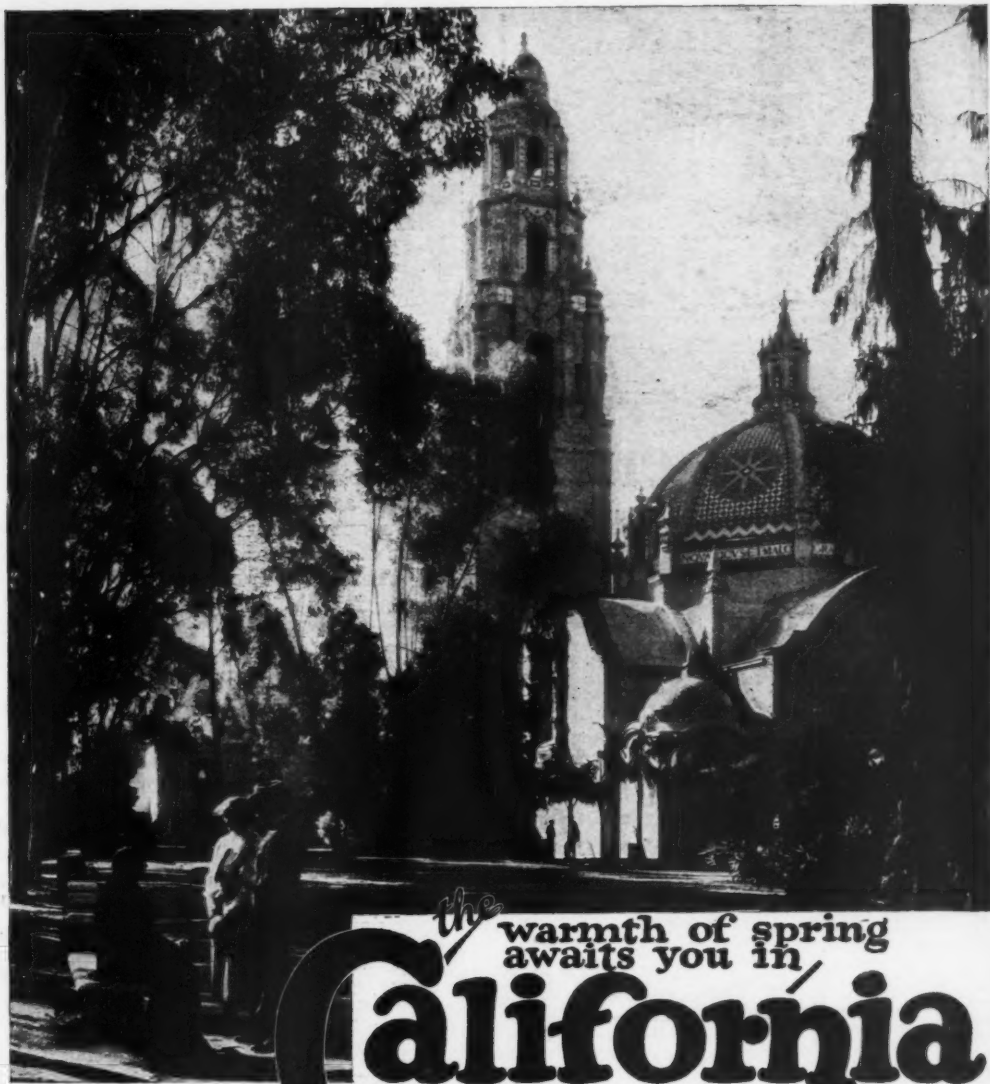
"perfectly clean and fresh." Inside his luxurious closed body he will have the wireless telephone and, in all probability, a tele-vision apparatus, not to mention a folding desk upon which his stenographer can take his dictation in perfect comfort, while they proceed at fifty miles an hour.

All these wonders are scheduled for occurrence within twenty years. And when he comes to describing conditions a century or more hence, the Professor's fancy soars into the empyrean. Motor cars will have become motor-planes, equipped to run on the ground or fly through the air, as you please, and their power will be "induced" by wireless. All they will need carry will be electric motors and "inductors."

**A**FTER this highly fanciful account of what the future may bring to the automotive industry, it is pleasant to turn to something in the way of an advance which seems definitely to have been achieved in the last few months. This is a method of re-treading automobile tires. The problem of utilizing tires, after the treads have been worn down to the fabric, has occupied the attention of the best minds in the trade for many years.

The difficulty has been largely the difficulty of joining new rubber to old in such a way that it would stick. Vulcanizing has accomplished much, but has always had severe limitations. In consequence, the practice has been to strip a tire down to its fabric carcass, throwing away all that was left of the old surface, rubbing the carcass rough with a rasp, to raise threads which would form a bond with the new rubber. Even so, this bond was frequently of insufficient strength. By the new process all that remains of the tire tread is utilized and only the material for a new tread needs to be added.

The fusing of the two, a fusing said to be as complete as that produced in metals by electro-welding, is accomplished by coating the surface of the old tire with a liquid compound, which is then driven into the rubber by the heat of a plumber's gasoline torch. It penetrates rapidly and, according to the



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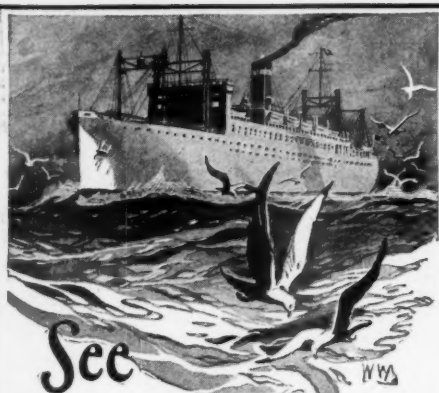
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A long snake-like sand bag is spread within the shoe to hold it firmly in position, and the tire is placed in a mold and pressed into finished form. Then it goes to the vulcanizer, and dry heat, not the steam usual to the vulcanizing process, is applied for several hours.

This heat evaporates the liquid compound which had temporarily melted the rubber and fuses the parts together. They actually become one and, when torn apart, the tear will not seek the line of cleavage.

The *Scientific American* sums up the advantages of this new process as follows: It utilizes what remains of the rubber tread, instead of throwing it away; it dispenses with steam vulcanizing, and substitutes a cheaper, simpler operation which can be performed by comparatively unskilled laborers; and finally, it makes a rubber joint which really holds.

WHAT city in all the world would you imagine would have the largest number of telephones per hundred of population? Which would you guess? —New York?—London?—Paris?—Berlin? Wrong!—all wrong. The world's best telephone city is Omaha, Nebraska, according to statistics just published by the Bell Telephone *Quarterly*, and dated as complete to January 1, 1923.

And what city should you expect to take second place? Washington, D. C.? or Berlin?—or Chicago? Wrong again. Of the important cities of the world the one to take second place with more telephones per hundred of population is Stockholm, Sweden.

The third city is San Francisco, the fourth Minneapolis. New York is the eleventh. Right on the heels of New York comes Copenhagen, Denmark's capital, and right after Copenhagen comes Christiania, the seat of Norway's government.



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(Continued from page 731)

out of his room—that is very clear, and as the collector never went out it took some planning to do it. The whole of this Garrideb invention was apparently for no other end. I must say, Watson, that there is a certain devilish ingenuity about it, even if the queer name of the tenant did give him an opening which he could hardly have expected. He wove his plot with remarkable cunning."


"But what did he want?"

"Well, that is what we are here to find out. It has nothing whatever to do with our client, so far as I can read the situation. It is something connected with the man he murdered—the man who may have been his confederate in crime. There is some guilty secret in the room. That is how I read it. At first I thought our friend might have something in his collection more valuable than he knew—something worth the attention of a big criminal. But the fact that Rodger Presbury of evil memory inhabited these rooms points to some deeper reason. Well, Watson, we can but possess our souls in patience and see what the hour may bring."

That hour was not long in striking.

WE CROUCHED closer in the shadow as we heard the outer door open and shut. Then came the sharp metallic snap of a key and the American was in the room. He closed the door softly behind him, took a sharp glance around him to see that all was safe, threw off his overcoat, and walked up to the central table with the brisk manner of one who knows exactly what he has to do and how to do it. He pushed the table to one side, tore up the square of carpet on which it rested, rolled it completely back, and then, drawing a jimmy from his inside pocket, knelt down and worked vigorously upon the floor. Presently we heard the sound of sliding boards, and an instant later a square had opened in the planks. Killer Evans struck a match, lit a stump of candle, and vanished from our view.

Clearly our moment had come. Holmes touched my wrist as a signal, and together we stole across to the open trapdoor. Gently as we moved, however, the old floor must have creaked under our feet, for the head of our American, peering anxiously round, emerged suddenly from the open space. His face turned upon us with a glare of baffled rage, which gradually softened into a rather shamefaced grin as he realized that two



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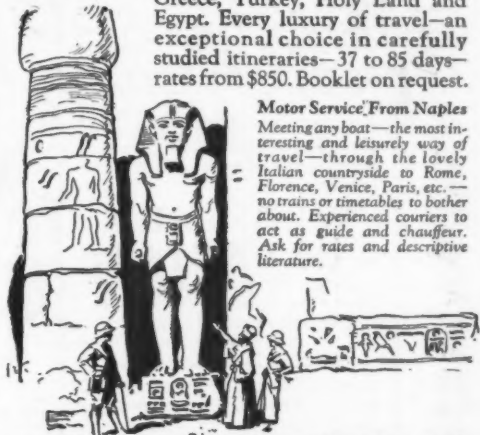
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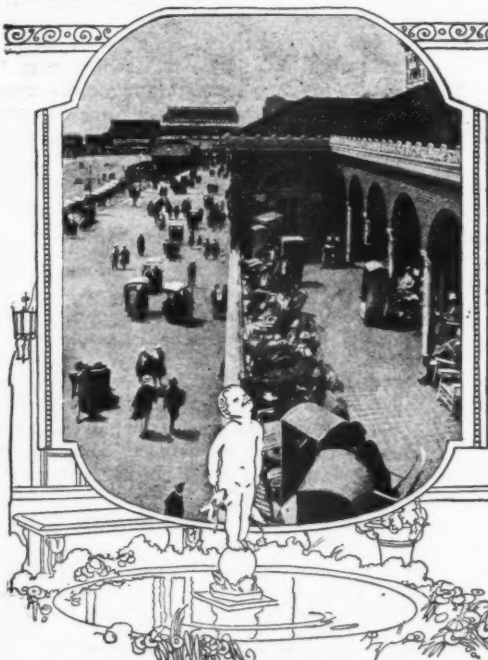
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pistols were pointed at his head.

"Well, well!" said he, coolly, as he scrambled to the surface. "I guess you have been one too many for me, Mr. Holmes. Saw through my game, I suppose, and played me for a sucker from the first. Well, sir, I hand it to you; you have me beat and—"

In an instant he had whisked out a revolver from his breast and had fired two shots. I felt a sudden hot sear as if a red-hot iron had been pressed to my thigh. There was a crash as Holmes' pistol came down on the man's head. I had a vision of him sprawling upon the floor with blood running down his face while Holmes rummaged him for weapons. Then my friend's wiry arms were round me and he was leading me to a chair.

"You're not hurt, Watson? For God's sake, say that you are not hurt!"

It was worth a wound—it was worth many wounds—to know the depth of loyalty and love which lay behind that cold mask. The clear, hard eyes were dimmed for a moment and the firm lips were shaking. For the one and only time I caught a glimpse of a great heart as well as of a great brain. All my years of humble but single-minded service culminated in that moment of revelation.

"It's nothing, Holmes. It's a mere scratch."

He had ripped up my trousers with his pocket knife.

"You are right," he cried, with an immense sigh of relief. "It is quite superficial!" His face set like flint as he glared at our prisoner, who was sitting up with a dazed face. "By the Lord, it is as well for you. If you had killed Watson, you would not have got out of this room alive. Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

HE had nothing to say for himself. He only lay and scowled. I leaned on Holmes' arm, and together we looked down into the small cellar which had been disclosed by the secret flap. It was still illuminated by the candle which Evans had taken down with him. Our eyes fell upon a mass of rusted machinery, great rolls of paper, a litter of bottles, and, neatly arranged upon a small table, a number of neat little bundles.

"A printing press—a counterfeiter's outfit," said Holmes.

"Yes, sir," said our prisoner, staggering slowly to his feet and then sinking into the chair. "The greatest counterfeiter London ever saw. That's Presburys' machine, and those bundles on the

table are two thousand of Presbury's notes worth a hundred each and fit to pass anywhere. Help yourselves, gentlemen. Call it a deal and let me go."

Holmes laughed.

"We don't do things like that, Mr. Evans. There is no bolt hole for you in this country. You shot this man, Presbury, did you not?"

"Yes, sir, and got five years for it, though it was he who pulled on me. Five years—when I should have had a medal the size of a soup plate. No living man could tell a Presbury from a Bank of England, and if I hadn't put him out he would have flooded London with them. I was the only one in the world who knew where he made them. Can you wonder that I wanted to get to the place? And can you wonder that when I found this crazy boob of a bug hunter with the queer name squatting right on the top of it and never quitting his room, I had to do the best I could to shift him. Maybe I would have been wiser if I had put him away. It would have been easy enough, but I'm a soft-hearted guy that can't begin shooting unless the other man has a gun also. But say, Mr. Holmes, what have I done wrong, anyhow? I've not used this plant. I've not hurt this old stiff. Where do you get me?"

"Only attempted murder, so far as I can see," said Holmes. "But that's not our job. They take that at the next stage. What we wanted at present was just your sweet self. Just give the Yard a call, Watson. It won't be entirely unexpected."

SO those were the facts about Killer Evans and his remarkable invention of the three Garridebs. We heard later that our poor old friend never got over the shock of his dissipated dreams. When his castle in the air fell down, it buried him beneath the ruins. He was last heard of at a nursing home in Brixton. It was a glad day at the Yard when the Presbury outfit was discovered, for, though they knew that it existed, they had never been able, after the death of the man, to find out where it was. Evans had indeed done great service, and caused several worthy C. I. D. men to sleep the sounder, for the counterfeiter stands in a class by himself as a public danger. They would willingly have subscribed to that soup-plate medal of which the criminal had spoken, but an unappreciative bench took a less favorable view, and the Killer returned to those shades from which he had just emerged.

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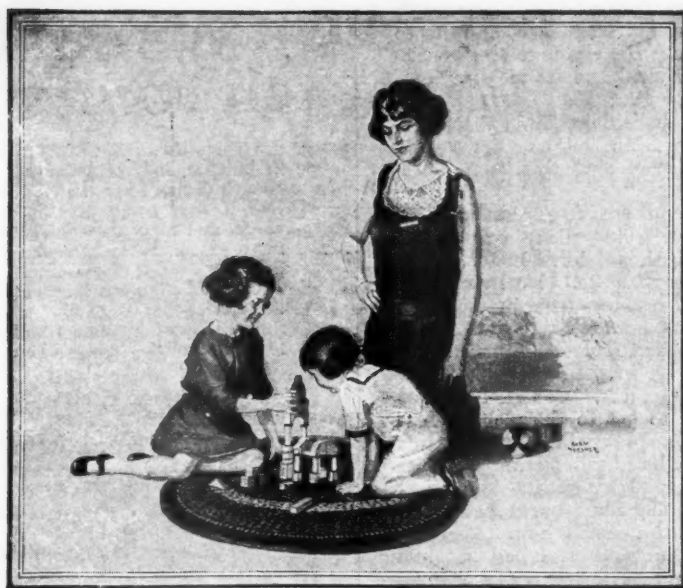
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